The Millheim Journal.

VOL. LIV. MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1880. NO. 26.

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THE PASTOR'S STORY.

The pastor's little daughter
Sits smiling in the sun,
Beside her on the old stone bench
The story-book just done,
And lurking in her wine-brown eyes
A story just begun,
For yonder, pruning the apple trees,
Behold the farmer's son.

Slowly adown the pathway
The pastor comes and goes,
And settles with his long, lean hand
The glasses on his nose.
Bore ever dry brown branch before
So beautiful a rose?
Ah, he thinks his blossom only a bud,
Though he watches it as it blows.

Is it the story of Moses
In his rush-wrapped cradle found,
Or of Joseph and his brethern,
He thinks as he glances round?
"You have finished your volume, Amy,
Is it something scriptural and sound?"
And his little daughter blushes and starts,
And her book falls to the ground.

Go on with your walk, good pastor,
You do not yourself deceive:
It has been a scriptural story
Since Adam first kissed Eve.
And never blush, little lassie,
The tale was written above,
No other so speaks of Heaven
As the old, old story of love.

The Hermit of Lone Cabin.

Away to the base of the beetling crags and cliffs of the hoary Sierras stands a lonely cabin, where only ruin and desolation mark what might have once been a pleasant if not a happy home.

Well do I remember the dark, tempestuous night that a friend and myself passed beneath its roof but a few years since. While seated before a glowing fire, for it was late in autumn, he gave me the following veritable history of the place:

Notwithstanding that it was miles from any habitation, several years before a solitary individual had appeared in the vicinity, and out of the material that he procured from the neighboring forest built this rude cabin.

He was a stranger to all who met him, and seeming to avoid rather than to seek acquaintance, he soon became known as "The Hermit of Lone Cabin."

Three years passed, and the unknown still lived in his secluson, subsisting upon the game that he readily procured with the aid of his rifle.

One day about this time, as the hermit contrary to his usual habit, visited the nearest settlement, twenty miles below, he was met by a new-comer in the place, who greeted him with the familiarity of an old friend.

Appearing surprised, he denied ever having seen the other, and would fain have left him, but the would-be associate seized him by the collar, exclaiming:

"You can't deceive me, Loren Gray. I knew you the moment I saw you, though five years have changed your looks greatly. Don't you remember Frank Chapman. I am he. Come, old boy, I want to show you to another old friend whom you will be glad to see."

Still the hermit, confused and excited, protested that his name was not Loren Gray, and that he had never met the other.

"Twon't do old chap; you can't deceive me by playing off in that way," was the reply he received. "I known that you are Loren Gray, and I have a friend down to the Eagle House who desires to see you on most important business. Come with me, and if he don't recognize you, I will stand the drinks for the crowd," for by this time quite a knot of spectators had collected around the spot, eager to know what was up.

Yielding with great reluctance, the hermit was half dragged by the impetuous stranger down to the public house, followed by a throng of lookers-on.

"I tell you it's a mistake," repeated the victim; "my name is not Loren Gray, but—"

By this time they had entered the building, and the stranger, turning quickly to a young man lying on a dry-goods box near at hand, indolently smoking his pipe, cried:

"Here Al, I have found him."

Springing to his feet in surprise, the one addressed, who did not seem to be more than twenty-one or two years of age, but with a tall, athletic form, turned upon the intruders.

As he caught sight of the hermit he staggered back like one shot, and pressing his hand to his forehead, exclaimed:

"Loren Gray!"

"Yes," cried his friend, triumphantly, "I found him less than five minutes ago; but he has the audacity to deny his identity."

Unheeding the words, the younger man faced the amazed hermit, and as his piercing eyes met the others, he said hoarsely, trembling with passion:

"Have you forgotten me, Loren Gray?"

"For mercy's sake, tell me what this means! I am not Loren Gray, and neither do I know you."

"Bah! You need not think to escape by your lies. I have not hunted for you this five years to be baffled now that I have found you. If you do not remember me, have you forgotten my sister, whom you betrayed and murdered?"

"I——"

"Not a word, dog! You can offer no atonement for the wrongs that you have done save in the sacrifice of your life. But I wish to take no advantage, and I challenge you to meet me in mortal combat."

"No, no!" cried the other. "You are a stranger to me and I have no quarrel with you. I must decline to fight you."

As the hermit spoke the words, which in the minds of the rough men around him marked him a coward, the room rang with their cries of derision.

The young stranger, too, his face nearly colorless with rage, uttered a contemptuous cry as he dealt the man a smart blow on the cheek.

"There; see if that will not awaken you. I say that one of us must die. Take your choice of weapons and meet me at once. I am impatient to have it over. I care but little if I fall, if I can know ere I die that the untimely fate of my poor sister has been avenged. Come, Norman," addressing his companion, "you will be my second, while he can select whom he will. If I fall, you know my request. Don't let him escape. Well, Loren Gray, dare you meet me like a man, or have you only courage enough to war upon defenseless women?"

The hermit, fairly writhing under the treatment he had received, could only look upon him in silence.

The excited crowd began to hoot him, and the confusion was becoming ominous of danger to the trembling man, when the avenger silenced them with a move of his hand.

Then, drawing a brace of heavy revolvers, he extended them both toward the other.

"Take one," he said fiercely. "I see you are not armed; but they are loaded alike, and you have nothing to fear from that score."

Without a word the bewildered victim mechanically took one of the proffered fire-arms.

'Mid the applause of the crowd, the duelist led the way to the door, and out into the open air.

Jostled and pushed by the excited spectators, the hermit slowly followed.

Once outside and the young stranger's second began to measure off the ground for the duel.

As the preliminaries were arranged, the duelists took the positions assigned them.

The challenger emphatically waited the slow movement of his foe.

"I call upon you to witness," said the recluse of Lone Cabin, addressing the spectators, "that this is no quarrel of mine. But, after this treatment I have received from this man, whom I postitively say I never saw before, I am driven to this. If I fall, please see that I have proper burial. As a last favor I beg that you will not in any way try to discover my identity. Will you promise that?"

Receiving the hearty assent of the bystanders, the man signified that he was in readiness for action.

There succeeded the ominous "one, two, three, fire," when the young stranger rapidly discharged his weapon and with such accuracy that his antagonist reeled forward and fell to the earth without making a hostile movement.

Smiling grimly the slayer remained motionless as the spectators rushed to the side of the fallen man.

"Is he dead?" cried one.

"Dead as a stone!" exclaimed a tall weather-beaten mountaineer who was bending over the silent form.

"Then my work is done, and the wrongs my poor sister suffered are avenged!" said the younger stranger as he turned to join his companion.

Meanwhile some of the others began to make preparations for the burial of the unfortunate hermit.

While a couple were in act of raising the body to bear it away, they were surprised to see the long, flowing beard worn by the unknown person fall to the ground, and a face as white and smooth as a maiden's suddenly disclosed to their gaze.

A glance told them that it was false, and that the Hermit of Lone Cabin was a woman!

In the height of the excitement following the discovery the stranger duelist reached the spot, and as he haught sight of the fair countenance he cried:

"My God! it is my sister!" and fell senseless.

To cut the story short, by the time the speaker recovered his consciousness after the fearful shock he had received, the wounded one began to show signs of returning life.

It was then found that though the shot had barely escaped being fatal, it was not likely to prove so.

A long sickness followed, however, and it was months before the whole story was known.

"The Hermit of Lone Cabin" was indeed the sister of him who had nearly become her murderer. Years before she had met and loved a man by the name of Warren Arnold, but on the day before that fixed for their wedding he had disappeared, and she, nearly broken-hearted, was a few days after abducted and borne away to the mountain retreat of a band of road agents, the leader of whom was none other than her false lover.

More grief-stricken than ever, she succeeded in escaping; but, somewhat crazed, instead of returning to her friends, she had sought a life of loneliness. Her brother Ralph, who had been away at school for three years, learned of her misfortunes and supposed death, and returned to his home to begin a search for the villain who had been the cause of so much suffering.

Warren Arnold's true name was Loren Gray, and Ralph ever spoke of him by that name, though his sister had never known him by it.

Accompanied by his friend, Norman Arlin, he had sought far and wide for him, but to make at last that well-nigh fatal error in mistaking the "hermit" for his foe.

As his sister had not seen him for eight years, and at a time there is most change in one's appearance she had not recognized him.

When she was able, they all returned to their homes a happy company.

Later, Norman Arlin became her husband, and a new life dawned for her.

The Lone Cabin still stands, a memento of the past.

Premier Gladstone.

In personal appearance Mr. Gladstone is an active, lithe, muscular man, rather tall and of well-proportioned frame. His face and figure have that clear-cut contour which generally indicate several generations of intellectual activity and personal leadership. Mr. Gladstone is the decendant of a long line of Scottish lairdmen of small wealth and limited possessions, but accustomed to stand first in their community, to think and to lead. The face is scholarly, cultivated, its outlines boldly defined by that meagreness of muscle which distinguishes the intellectual athlete. There is not an ounce of superfluous flesh on it. The thin lips and well-cut mouth and chin betoken firmness, determination and endurance. Seventy summers have sat lightly on Mr. Gladstone, but the years have brought their blessings of rest, and his face in general wears the repose of strength and experience—strongly lined with the record of trouble and thought. A new fact, however, or an aggressive opinion, wakes the whole man in the fire of youth, and the eye flashes with eager light, and the body bends quickly forward as if to grasp a fresh acquisition. Like all strong Englishmen, Mr. Gladstone is a man of large physical power and endurance, fond of out-door air and work, and the ring of his axe at Hawarden, so familiar to England, has echoed even across the Atlantic.

Moloney's Goat.

A few days ago, a boy sat in the dock of the police court at San Francisco, weeping bitterly. He was charged by his father with disturbing the peace and leading a dissolute life. His name was Moloney. His father was a contractor who, at the expense of the city, earned an honest political living. They took a newspaper, and the unfortunate boy read an incendiary item to the effect that Frank Buckland, the naturalist, had discovered that a goat was an excellent thing to keep in a stable along with horses, as it would face fire and the horses would follow it through flames. He thought it over. He wanted to show his father what a thoughtful and considerate boy he was. Besides, he wanted a goat. He went down on Rincon Hill and found one. It was a goat of Irish proclivities and ownership, and of the male gender. Would it face fire? It would. It wasn't expensive to keep. It had lived for a month on shingle-nails and oyster cans and the different ropes with which it had been tethered. Would the man sell him? He would give his one away because he liked the little boy's looks. And the poor, unsuspecting little boy started for Natoma street, down First, the goat leading the boy. He felt pretty good for a goat. Whenever a horse went by or a dog hove in sight he would get up on his hind legs and walk Spanish, while the dogs let out for the Mission, and the children on the front piazzas had fits on an average of about eight to the block. Finally he got an idea and ricochetted up Mission street in jumps that would have sprained the ankle of any goat but him. The boy acted as rudder and steered him to Natoma street. It was after dark. There was hay in the stable visible through the open door. The goat debated the matter a while and then went in. The boy said nothing about the investment to his kind and loving parents. Fortunately his father was down at the grocery store and knew nothing. He would come home so full of politics that he couldn't tell a goat from a six-bit umbrella unless the goat had time to explain. He hoped that his father would not go to the stable. He prayed that he wouldn't. He had faith and confidence in his father, but he doubted that goat. The $3 clock in his bedroom struck 11, and he knew by that that it was 12:45, and that the old man would be along shortly. He heard him coming, heard the gate slam and then, first trembling and then in anguish, heard his father's footsteps going towards the stable. He heard the padlock rattle, heard the door swing open, and then he heard a whizz, a spasmodic puff as if a small balloon had bursted, and then a skiffling noise as the heels of his father's boots slid along the planks and he fell backwards in the mud, about eight feet and three quarters from the door. He raised the window and looked weeping and silent upon the scene. He knew what the goat could do, and it was hard to hear his dear father gasp like a gold-fish as he tried to initiate himself again. Finally he forced down enough wind for meagre conversational purposes. He said:

"C'm out here'n (hic) gimme a show. Yee bloodi coward!"

Still no response except a faint clatter of hoofs that told the listening son that the concealed thunderbolt was prancing around on his hind legs aching for another shot.

"Is that you, Moloney? I'd shpake wid you." The voice came from the bed-room window where the night cap of the boy's dear mother appeared surmounting her kind face and the top of a broomstick.

"Can't c'm up. Got somefin here (hic.) Sumfin blowed up."

"What is it?"

"Don'no (hic.) Guessr roof fell in."

"Why don't yer go an' see? Air ye goin' ter shlape there all night, ye dhrunken ould freckle ranche?"

Braced up by the conumbial indorsement, the father arose, as did also a large portion of the loose soil in the yard along with him. Triangulating with some difficulty to the windward side of the door, he unroofed himself and peered in. No explosive agent was visible in the darkness, and the spavined mare delivered a reassuring whinny. Mr. Moloney had prize-fought in his younger days, and it occurred to him that it would be strategic and defiant to shy his hat at the ambuscade. The ambuscade took in the shy but remained quiescent, save for the motion necessary to masticate it.

Having regained his wind and some courage, he concluded to enter. He placed himself temptingly in the doorway, facing outward. No sign! He took a step backward, still with safety. A third, and still no trouble.

Moloney struck a match, and there stood revealed a meek-looking billy-goat, largest size, copper-fronted and sweet of expression, who, as the last two inches of hat rim disappeared down his œsophagus, promulgated a gentle "baa!"

The kind jury noticed that the little boy had been standing up all the time he was in the dock, though there were plenty of benches, and understood why he wanted to go to the Industrial School until his father broke his arm and his mother caught the paralysis. He told him to cheer up, however, and he would see about his case, and the little boy wiped his nose on the sleeve of his coat and went below.

Honiton Lace.

Few people need reminding for what Honiton, England, is famous, as they are whirled through its delightful valley, which so strongly impresses the traveler who here first makes acquaintance with the varied scenery of Devon. Lace-making, however, is not confined to Honiton, but extends over a large triangular district of southern Devon, from the little village of Seaton at the mouth of the Axe river along the coast by Beer, Branscombe, Salcombe, Sidmeuth, and Otterton to Exmouth, including most of the villages between Honiton and the sea, and especially the town of Ottery St. Mary. It even reached to Lyme Regis in Dorset, where, at the end of last century, lace was made as high as four or five guineas a yard, which rivalled Brussels in estimation; "a splendid lace dress for the late lamented Queen Charlotte was fabricated at Lyme," says its historian, "which gave great satisfaction at Court." The usual type of Honiton lace consists of sprigs made separately, like Brussels lace, on a pillow, and then *appliqued*, or sewn on to a net ground. In the last century this was a plain pillow-ground made of the finest Antwerp thread, which in 1790 cost £70 per pound, though even more was given for it. Eighteen shillings a yard, scarce two inches in width, was paid for this ground. The ordinary way of paying for veils of this fabric was (as jewelers now weigh sovereigns against gold chains (by spreading shillings over them, and giving as many as covered the lace. At present the sprigs are generally sewn, as they are completed by the work-women, on blue paper, and then united by another hand, either on the pillow by "cut-works" or "purling," or else joined with the needle by various stitches. The patterns of these sprigs are in the first place pricked with needles on a kind of shining brown millboard known as "parchment paper," by women who often devote themselves exclusively to this branch of the business. Among the commonest sights of a fine summer evening in East Devon are the lace-makers, each seated at her door, with their lace-pillows (which resemble thick circular pads) on their laps, and the small children around them on their little stools, all busily occupied in making these sprigs, whether "turkey-tails," "blackberries," or "stars." Similarly in winter the steady "click, click, click," of their pins proceeds from every cottage, just as in a Nottinghamshire village is heard the incessant jar and rattle of the stockingers' frames.

The picturesque village of Beer, near the chalk headland of the same name, so famous of old for smugglers, is now celebrated for its exquisite Honiton lace. Here the Queen's wedding-dress was made at a cost of £1,000. It is composed of Honiton sprigs connected on a pillow by a variety of open-work stitches. The Princess Royal, Princess Alice and Princess of Wales also wore wedding-dresses of Honiton point made at Beer and the neighborhood. Capital workmanship in this lace was shown at the International Exhibition in 1862, but the patterns were conventional and clumsy, arabesques, made lions and poor imitations of nature. Hence may be traced in great measure its decline in public estimation, though its costliness must always militate against its general use. In consequence of this deficiency prizes were offered in connection with the Bath and West of England Society for natural work in Honiton lace, which produced such admirable specimens that the Queen ordered them to be sent to Windsor Castle for her inspection. From very tender years children are taught to make Honiton lace in what are termed lace schools. The little things collect in a dame's room, and under her tuition, frequently seconded by a cane, are taught the mysteries of the art. They are apprenticed to the trade in Devon at eight, nine, and ten years of age (but in Bucks and Beds commonly at six years, often at four or five), earning nothing in their first year, and sixpence per week in the second. Afterwards they are paid so much per sprig, the price varying with the demand, value of cotton, etc., but being generally 1½d., 2d., or 3d. per sprig. "I can make four turkeys' tails a day, and get 1½d. for each," a girl of ten lately told us with parardonable pride. A child of five years old will earn a penny in four hours by making six "flies." One master in the trade is said to employ as many as 3,000 of these workchildren. A clever adult hand will easily earn a shilling a day at her lace-pillow in good times; in many parts of Devon, however, the work is paid for on the truck system. The average earnings of a quick hand may be put down at three shillings or three shillings and sixpence a week. At Valenciennes the workers used to toil in underground cellars from 4 in the morning till 8 at night, and scarcely earn tenpence a day. The abuse connected with the lace-schools were lately exposed by the Children's Employment Commission. It was found that the hours of work in them were generally excessive, and the atmosphere extremely bad, owing to the crowded state of the small rooms in which the children work. Discipline is rigidly enforced, and in some schools, in order that the lace may be kept clean, the children sit without shoes on brick or stone floors. These causes, coupled with the constrained position of the worker, who must bend over the pillow which rests in her lap, lay the seeds of illness and frequently of consumption in after life. The morality amongst the lacemakers of Devon, we can testify, from personal knowledge, is large. They are thin and sallow, inclined to that bold, false independence which is always engendered when women neglect the domestic virtues. The children are often defiant and disobedient to parents, and, on the whole, the occupation of lace-making cannot be called one favorable to morality.

He was a Peace Officer.

In Presque Isle county, toward Mackinac, is a beautiful lake—Hight Grand lake—on whose shore stands a club house owned by sunury fish-loving citizens of Adrian, Michigan. The country around is pretty much as nature made it—rough—and the few backwoodsmen living there are much like the country. One of them, named Crawford, was lately elected Justice of the Peace. A wood-chopper made complaint that a certain raftsman had beaten him, and asked for a warrant for the offender's arrest. The Justice's entire stock of legal blanks consisted of a summons and a subpœna. After spending some time vainly in trying to make these papers fit the case, he got mad, flung down his papers and addressed the complainant thus: "See here, mister, this court is bound to see justice done in this township. You pay me two dollars and a half, costs of court, show me the man, and the Court will lick the evil out of him in two minutes." Complainant paid the costs and pointed out the man. The "Court," with majesty on his brow and his sleeves rolled up, went for the offender, and in sixty seconds thrashed him to the full content of both parties. The Court then put on his coat and remarked that "he was a peace officer, and wished it understood that this Court would preserve the peace, and any man who thought he could raise thunder in that neck of woods would have to try the case with the court personally." No other case has since been tried by Squire Crawford.

He Felt a Trifle Flat.

An Oregon woman threatened to cut her husband's nose off, and he overheard the threat, and in the night he awoke and found her tying his feet and hands. But he didn't give himself away. He determined to stop her in the very act of committing the crime, and so feigned sleep until she had got him securely tied, and had got the knife all ready to do the deed, when he opened his eyes and cried: "Ah! hussy, I've caught you in the very act!" But she didn't drop the knife or seem dismayed. She asked him what he was going to do about it, and then he discovered that he couldn't do anything, and as she whacked the nose off he didn't feel that he'd been so blamed smart, after all.

Puss and the Sparrows.

The other day a number of gentlemen were sitting in the detectives' room in the City Hall, Cleveland, Ohio, when an English sparrow flew near the window, peeped in and darted away again. Captain Holzworth, who saw the little fellow, said that whenever he saw a sparrow flit it reminded him of a little scene which occurred in his yard one cold day last winter. The sparrows, it seems, ascertained the fact that there was a knothole in the gable of his house, and took advantage of that knowledge by taking possession of the hole and a portion of his attic, where they passed the winter as snug as bugs in a rug. The captain's wife has a warm spot in her heart for birds. So when the ground was covered with snow, and the little fellows ran a risk of starving to death, Mrs. H. would sweep away the snow and spread upon the ground a fine repast of crumbs. The sparrows soon learned to depend upon her, and told their friends what a fine landlady they had. In consequence hundreds of then congregated daily about the Captain's house and partook of his charity. Close to the spot where the birds were usually fed was a pile of bricks, and upon this pile the Captain's cherished mouser used to station himself for the purpose of watching for prey. As soon as the birds would get comfortably settled about the crumbs the cat would pounce upon them and invariably get a tender sparrow for dinner. Finally the birds became accustomed to the cat's mode of precedure and would be on the watch whenever they were feeding. They were so alert that the cat would hardly get ready for a spring before they were up in the air and out of danger. One day they were eating as usual, and the cat as usual was watching them. Like a bolt of lightning the mouser jumped into their midst, but they were too quick for her, and escaped unhurt. Miss Tabby, not discouraged, mounted the pile of bricks again and awaited their return. The sparrows, after flying about for some time, finally settled upon the fence at the foot of the lot, where they held a long and interesting confab. After chattering away for several minutes they cautiously returned to their crumbs and resumed their eating, keeping all the while a sharp lookout for the enemy. After the cat had become satisfied that they were too much interested in satisfying their appetite to think of her, she made another spring. The birds were up in an instant, and instead of flying away as usual they formed themselves into a hollow square and charged upon the foe. Some got upon the cat's back and scratched and picked with all their might; others flew right into her face, while the balance made it interesting in the rear. The cat was so surprised at first that she was unable to move. The birds became more and more infuriated and fought such a savage battle that they drove the foe down the garden path on a full gallop and under the barn. They returned to their feast and were left to themselves the balance of the winter, the cat making herself scarce when they put in an appearance.

Strange Vocations.

A lady-resident of the Faubourg St. Germain, Paris, is credited with earning a good income by hatching red, black, and brown ants for pheasant preservers. One Parisian gets his living by breeding maggots out of the foul meats he buys of the chiffoniers, and fattening them up in tin boxes. Another breeds maggots for the special behoof of nigtingales; and a third "marchand d'asticots" boasts of selling between thirty and forty millions of worms every season for piscatorial purposes. He owns a great pit at Montmartre, wherein he keeps his store. Every day his scouts bring him fresh stock, for which he pays them from five to ten pence per pound, according to quality; reselling them to anglers at just double those rates, and clearing thereby over three hundred pounds a year. No wonder he professes great fondness for his "children" as he calls them; although, like other fond fathers, he is ready enough to part with them when opportunity offers. This curious vocation is not unknown in England. Some twelve years ago, we are told, Mr. Wells, a fishing-tackle maker of Nottingham, in order to ensure a constant supply of bait for his customers, started a farm for the rearing of lobworms, cock-spurs, ring-tailed brandlings, and other worms in demand among the deciples of Walton, who abound in the old lace town. To keep his farm stocked, men and boys go out at night collecting worms in the meadows and pastures; a moist warm night yielding from two to six thousand worms. As soon as they are brought in they are placed in properly selected moss, field moss for choice, to scour until they become little more than skin—freshly caught worms being too tender for the anglers to handle; while "when a worm is properly educated, he is as tough as a bit of india rubber, and behaves as a worm should do when put upon the hook." When this condition is attained, the worms are packed in moss, and put up in light canvass bags for the market. This worm merchant does not entirely depend upon the industry of his collectors, but breeds large quantities himself in his own garden; the component parts of his breeding-heap being a secret he not unnaturally keeps to himself.

A Diplomatic Answer.

The old man Smith, of Richfield, is a self-sufficient sort of an old fellow, and prides himself upon his riding abilities. One day he espied his young hopeful leading a colt to water rather gingerly, and remarked:

"Why on earth don't you ride that beast?"

"I'm 'fraid to; 'fraid he'll throw me."

"Bring that hoss here," snapped the old man.

The colt was urged up to the fence, and braced on one side by the boy while the old man climbed on to the rails and stocked himself on the colt's back. Then he was let go, and the old gentleman rode proudly off. Paralyzed by fear the colt went slowly for about twenty rods without a demonstration. Then like lightning his four legs bunched together, his back bowed like a viaduct arch and the old man shot up in the air, turned seven separate and distinct somersaults and lit on the small of his back in the middle of the road, and with both his legs twisted around his neck. Hastening to him the young hopeful anxiously inquired:

"Did it hurt you, pa?"

The old man rose slowly, shook out the knots in his legs, brushed the dust from his ears and hair, and rubbing his bruised elbows growled:

"Well, it didn't do me a bit of good. You go home."

A Sunless Girl.

Henry Richter and his wife were married in the old country about thirty years ago, and in succession they lost four children, each of whom came to the age of two or three years and then died of something which seemed like inanition. They faded away, and the best medical talent in the Grand Duchy—they are Badenese—could assign no cause for the deaths. Richter and his wife came to America and settled in St. Louis, where they lost two more children in the same way. Shortly before the birth of the present girl, Richter met the Baron von Michæloffsky, who was stopping in St. Louis at the time, and to him he told the story of the blight which had fallen upon his family. The Baron was a member of a number of mystical societies. We believe he belonged to some lodge of Rosicrucians, which the great Liebnitz adorned; and touched by the tale that the father had told him, he cast the horoscope of the child at the moment of its birth, carefully noting the aspects of the planets and making a chart of the future of the baby which at the moment was crying in its nurse's arms. Just what that horoscope was has never been told to any one but Richter and his wife, and the result was that they have never moved away from the house in which they then lived and have carefully kept the girl out of the sunlight ever since. Henry is a wealthy man and can gratify every whim which an idle fancy could perceive, but he has chosen to live always in a mean neighborhood, surrounded by people with whom he has not a thought in common, all for the reason of preserving the daughter whom he idolizes. A writer gained access to the lady's chamber and had a pleasant chat with her. She evinced a strong desire to get out of doors and see a world of which she knew nothing. The writer thus describes the lady: Margaretha was reclining in an easy chair before the grate, in which a rather bright fire was burning. The room was also lighted by gas, and every detail was very apparent. There were no windows in the room, and the furniture was of the most costly character, but it may easily be imagined the scribe had eyes for nothing and for nobody but the pale girl by the fireside. She looked fully her age—nineteen—but her face was blanched and white; not a tinge of red could be made out in the cheeks, although it was evident enough in the rather full lips. Her eyes were blue almost to blackness, and her hair, which rolled off the cushioned back of the chair and fell in masses on the floor, was black as night. There was not a feature or a tint to suggest German origin in her face or lithe form, and she looked rather sweet and amiable than pretty, although her features were regular enough. She was attired in a laced and frilled white wrap, gathered about the waist by the strings of an old-fashioned sontag of white wool, the only bit of color in her dress being a blue silk kerchief wrapped negligently about her throat. On the whole she resembled nothing but a crayon picture brought to life. She seemed all black and white.

A Boy and a Pole.

Of course it is wrong to go fishing on the Sabbath day, and the clergyman of a Berkshire county church felt that it was so when he addressed his Sunday School and earnestly exhorted the boys to refrain from such a proceeding. But there was one boy in the school who, instead of being led away from the evil by the pastor's address, merely got the idea from it of going out that very afternoon, and when the reverend gentleman, who, on six days in the week, was as ready to pull a trout from the water as the next man, was strolling in the meadows later in the day, he was pained to come upon that wicked small boy seated under some bushes and angling in a deep hole in a brook. He stopped and said to the confused and blushing youth: "My boy, I'm sorry to see that you pay so little regard to what I said this morning." The boy had dropped his pole at being addressed, and at that instant the line straightened with a yank that betokened a big trout on the hook. The lad saw it, but he dared not touch the pole until the clergyman said: "You had better take your pole and go home. Be quick, too, boy!" Then the youngster tried to obey, but he was a very small boy, and the fish didn't come out very easily, and the way that clergyman fretted and fumed for a minute was a caution, and then he said: "I—I—am afraid—if I leave you with the pole, you'll use it again when I'm gone—go home and I'll take it home for you," and he seized the pole and the small boy skipped away and in a minute there was a splendid three-pound trout in the clergyman's hands, and then before he could hide the pole and wrap the fish in his handkerchief to put it in his pocket, along came one of the deacons, and the pastor had a terribly embarrassing time explaining the matter, and had to name seven different days that he expected the deacon to dine with him before the latter would believe that the pastor found a boy there with the pole and fish, but that the youth ran off on the pastor's approach.

Beat the Thermometer.

When the toiling, perspiring masses discovered that the thermometers down town marked plump 100 degrees in the shade, they wiped off their chins and congratulated each other on having lived to see such a period. About the time that everybody was happiest, along came a small boy whose face was as red as a beet and whose eyes shone like glass.

"Where's a doctor?" he called out as he entered a crowd.

"Here, boy—what's the matter?" replied one of the men as he reached out to detain the lad.

"Hull family frozzin' to death at the house?" he explained. Dad is in the downstairs bedroom, shakin' and chatterin' and callin' on me to bring him red-hot tea and put bricks to his feet. Mam, she's upstairs, with four quilts and a carpet over her, but I heard her shiver clear down to the corner. My sister she's got her feet in the cook-stove oven, and is writing an ode to winter, and brother Bill he's lyin' in the sun on the sidewalk an' axin' everybody to lend him some Kyann pepper to help start a circulation."

"Is—that—so?" slowly queried a citizen.

"Course it is! Hain't I down town after a doctor an' some soft coal? I wish some of you fellers would tell me if the Prob. report predicts a change to warmer weather."

The thermometer still marked a plump hundred, but as the crowd again turned to the figures there seemed to be a goneness somewhere—a sort of aching void which figures couldn't fill.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1880.

THE MILLHEIM JOURNAL

Is published every Thursday, in Musser's Building, corner of Main and Penn streets at

$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE

Or $1 25 if not paid in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 week.	1 mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	1 year.
1 square,...	$1 00	$2 50	$3 00	$4 00	$7 00
¼ column,...	3 00	4 00	6 00	10 00	15 00
½ column,...	5 00	7 50	10 00	15 00	25 00
1 column,...	8 00	12 00	20 00	35 00	60 00

One inch makes a square. Administrators and Executors' Notices $2.50. Transient advertisements and locals 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Job Work done on short notice.

DEININGER & BUMILLER,
Editors and Proprietors.

Church & Sunday School Directory.

Evangelical.

Rev. S. Smith preaches next Sunday morning German.

Sunday School, 2 P. M.—D. L. Zerby, supt.

Methodist.

Rev. J. Benson Akers will preach next Sunday evening.

Sunday School, 1 P. M.,—D. Kimport, supt.

Reformed.

German preaching in Aaronsburg next Sunday morning.

United Brethren.

Lutheran.

Rev. John Tomlinson, Pastor.—

Preaching next Sunday afternoon at 2½ o'clock, and in Aaronsburg in the evening.

United Sunday School, 9 A. M.—F. D. Luse supt.

Lodge & Society Directory.

Millheim Lodge, No. 955, I. O. O. F. meets in heir hall, Penn Street, every Saturday evening. Rebecca Degree Meeting every Thursday on or before the full moon of each month.
A. O. DEININGER, Sec. B. L. DEININGER, N. G

Providence Grange, No. 217 P. of H., meets in Alexander's block on the second Saturday of each month at 6½ P. M., and on the fourth Saturday of each month at 1½ P. M.
D. L. ZERBY, Sec. A. O. Deininger, Master.,

The Millheim B. & L. Association meets in the Penn street school house on the evening of the second Monday of each month.
A. WALTER, Sec, B. O. DEININGER, Prest.

The Millheim Cornet Band meets in the Town Hall on Monday and Thursday evenings.
F. P. OTTO, Sec., J. F. HARTER, Pres't.

Millheim Escort of Co. B., 5th Regt., N. G., hold their drill meeting on the second story of Alexander's Block, every Tuesday and Friday evening.

Offi al Directo

Regular Terms of Court—Fourth Mondays of January, April, August and November.

President Judge—Hon. Chas. A. Mayer, Lock Haven.
Additional Law Judge—Hon. John H. Orvis, Bellefonte.
Associate Judges—Hons. Samuel Frank, John Dixon.
Prothonotary—J. C. Harper.
Register of Wills and Clerk of O. C.—W. F. Burchfield.
Recorder of Deeds, &c.—William A. Tobias.
District Attorney—David F. Fortney.
Sheriff—John Spangler.
Treasurer—Adam Yearick.
County Surveyor—Joseph Devling.
Coroner—Dr. Joseph Adams.
County Commissioners—Andrew Gregg, George Swab, Jacob Dunkle.
Clerk to County Commissioners—Henry Beck.
Attorney to County Commissioners—C. M. Bower.
Janitor of the Court House—Bartrim Galbraith.
County Auditors—James T. Stewart, George R. Williams, Thomas B. Jamison.
Jury Commissioners—John Shannon, David W. Kline.
Superintendent of Public Schools—Prof. Henry Meyer.

Centre County Democratic Committee for 1880.

DISTRICTS.	NAMES.	P. O. ADDRESS.
Bellefonte, N. W.,	Wm. Galbraith,...	Bellefonte
" S. W....	W C Heinle.....	"
" W W....	Wm Harper.....	"
Milesburg.....	Frank E Bible...	Milesburg
Unionville.....	P J McDonnell...	Unionville
Howard	A J Gardner....	Howard
Philipsburg.....	C G Herlinger...	Philipsb'g
Millheim.....	I H Reifsnyder..	Millheim
Benner.....	Uriah Stover....	Bellefonte
Boggs.....	Jas A McClain...	Milesburg
Burnside.....	Wm Hepple.....	Pine Glenn
College.....	Sam'l Gilliland..	Boalsburg
Curtin.....	David Delong....	Howard
Ferguson, O. P....	Dan Driebelbis..	State Col.
" N. P....	O M Sheets.....	Stormstown
Gregg.....	L M Rishel.....	Spring M's
Haines.....	George Keister,	Aaronsb'g
Halfmoon.....	John Ward.....	Stormsto'n
Harris.....	Sam'l Ishler.....	Boalsburg
Howard.....	David Tanyer....	Howard
Huston.....	H G Chronister..	Martha
Liberty.....	W H Gardner....	Blanchard
Marion.....	John Hoy, Jr....	Walker
Miles.....	Sam'l K Faust....	Millheim
Patton.....	G W Rumberger..	Fillmore
Penn.....	W F Smith.....	Millheim
Potter, N. P.....	D F Luse.....	Centre Hall
" S. P.....	G W Spangler....	Tusseyv'e
Rush.....	William Cullen...	Phillipsb'g
Snow Shoe.....	John G Uzzle....	Snow Shoe
Spring.....	E C Wood.....	Bellefonte
Taylor.....	Samuel Hoover...	Fowler
Union.....	J S Fredericks...	Fleming
Walker.....	Samuel Decker...	Zion
Worth.....	G R Williams....	P't Matilda

J. L. SPANGLER, Chairman.
FRANK E. BIBLE, Secretary.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL TICKET,

FOR PRESIDENT,
GEN. WINFIELD S. HANCOCK.
Of Pennsylvania.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
HON. WM. H. ENGLISH,
Of Indiana.

STATE TICKET.

SUPREME JUDGE,
GEORGE A. JENKS, Jefferson Co,

AUDITOR GENERAL,
ROBERT P. DECHERT, Philadelphia.

The nomination of Hancock and English is received all over the country with the most unbounded enthusiasm. Hancock's nomination unfies the party his election will unify the country. Everywhere the party is inspired with the highest hopes of success and there is a universal will to labor incessantly for the triumph of a cause so noble and men so deservedly beloved. The inbications strongly point to the success of the Democratic party and the overthrow of Cameranism in Pennsylvania.

A paragraph goes the rounds of the press to the effect that Gen. Beaver, of Bellefonte, was offered the nomination for Vice President, by the Chicago convention, but declined, having in view the next Governorship, of this state. May be.

OUR CANDIDATES.

(Condensed from the Times' White House Gal.)

Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock, of Pennsylvania.

THE PUBLIC SERVICE OF THE GREAT SOLDIER STATESMAN.

Few men have served their country better than Winfield S. Hancock, and few deserve more from their countrymen. A big man, with a big head, a big heart and a big brain, Hancock is the very personification of honor, honesty and capacity. Gallant and unassuming, a soldier in three wars, the hero of a hundred battles, he is a man on whom all democrats can consistently unite for President, and who, as a candidate, will command a larger degree of respect and support from republicans than any other man in the democratic party. Clear-headed and self-reliant, his career as a judicial statesman and military governor while in command of Louisiana and Texas, gives evidence that if a strong man is needed for president, there is no man in the nation more fit for that position than Winfield S. Hancock. With him as the candidate of the party the democrats will have nothing to explain or defend and can proudly point to his record and challenge a comparison of it with that of the republican candidate.

A YOUNG PENNSYLVANIAN.

Winfield Scott Hancock was born in Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, February 14, 1824, and is therefore fifty-six years of age. The age of sixteen Hancock was sent to West Point and had for classmates U. S. Grant, Geo. B. McClellan, J. F. Reynolds, J. L. Reno, Burnside, Franklin and W. F. Smith. He graduated in 1844, June 30, and in 1845-8 served with his regiment in the Indian territory as a second lieutenant of the Sixth infantry. In 1847 we find him in Mexico and conspicuous for gallantry at the Natural Bridge, San Antonia, Contreras, Cherubusco, Molino del Rey and the capture of the city of Mexico. He was breveted for gallantry at the battles of Contreras and Cherubusco. In 1849 and 1850 he served with his regiment as quartermaster and adjutant, and in the fall of 1850 was married at St. Louis to Miss Almira Russel, the daughter of a prominent merchant of that city. He took part in several Indian campaigns in the west, and in 1857 was engaged in the Southern Florida war. He served in the expedition against Utah and in 1859 went to California.

When he heard of the rebellion he took high ground in favor of the Union and did much in 1861 to check the secession sprit then seizing upon California. He applied to Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, for a commission in the volunteers, but the governor being slow in replying to his application he obtained a leave of absence and came east. His earnestness impressed Gen. Scott, who ordered him to report to General M'Clellan, and on the formal recommendation of M'Clellan President Lincoln, on the 23d of September, 1861, commissioned Hancock a brigadier general of volunteers. He was assigned to a brigade in the division of Gen. Baldy Smith and reported for duty at Chain Bridge, Virginia, in the Army of the Potomac.

HIS FIRST BATTLE.

His first battle in the rebellion was at Warwick Court House, near Yorktown, and he led his brigade in person, driving the enemy before him. At Williamsburg Hancock bore a conspicuous part. The action of Hancock had rendered Williamsburg untenable, and that night the enemy abandoned it. Hancock's name was heralded from Maine to California, and in a few hours, from an unknown subordinate, he had leaped into fame and assumed a national reputation. M'Clellan telegraphed the president, "Hancock was superb to-day," an expression which all who saw him towering above his men leading them to battle knew to be only just.

For his services in the Peninsular campaign Gen. M'Clellan recommended Hancock for promotion to the rank of major general of Volunteers and the brevets of major, lieutenant colonel in the regular army.

ALWAYS AT IT.

In September, 1862, Hancock commanded his brigade in the battle of South Mountain and afterwards at Antietam. In this latter engagement, when Gen. Richardson fell, Hancock was sent to take command of that gallant officer's division. In November, 1862, Hancock received his commission as major general, and on the 13th of December was engaged in the desperate and bloody assault on Mayre's Heights. His behavior on this occasion was in keeping with the high reputation he had achieved. In this battle Hancock lost the half of his command, killed and wounded, and all his aids were wounded.

At Chancellorsville, in May, 1863, he commanded his division and covered the roads leading towards Fredericksburg, where, amid surrounding disaster, although constantly attacked, his troops maintained their position to the last, and formed the rear guard of the army in moving off the field. The general had his horse shot under him in the battle. Early in June he relieved General Couch in command of the second corps, and latter in the same month was assigned by Mr. Lincoln to be its permanent commander.

If was at Gettysburg Hancock again loomed up before the country as a hero. Of Gen. Hancock's individual action at Gettysburg it would require a volume to tell. His was really the action of the army, and Round Top, Culp's Hill and Cemetery Heights were his creations. He sent word to General Meade that was the place to fight, and seizing the favorable positions, with the eye of a consummate general, hung on to them with the advance until Meade brought up the whole army and delivered his battle.

Hancock was riding the storm of battle as if he bore a charmed life. At last, just in the moment of victory, he was seen to reel in his saddle and would have fallen to the ground had he not been helped from his horse. A ball had pierced his thigh, and for a time it was thought the wound was mortal.

"Tell Gen. Meade," said Hancock, addressing his aide, Col. Mitchell, "that the troops under my command have repulsed the enemy and gained a great victory. The enemy are now flying in all directions in my front."

When the aide delivered this message to Gen. Meade and added his general was dangerously wounded, Meade said: "Say to Gen. Hancock that I am sorry he is wounded and that I thank him for myself and for the country for the services he has rendered to-day."

Gen. Meade afterwards, in commenting on the battle of Gettysburg, said to Gen. R. C. Drum: "No commanding general ever had a better lieutenant than Hancock. He was always faithful and reliable."

UNDER GRANT.

Hancock did not recover from his wound until December, 1863, when, although still quite lame, he reported for duty, and was sent north to recruit his corps. He was tendered a reception at Independence hall by the citizens of Philadelphia, and received the hospitilities of the cities of Boston, Albany and New York. In March, 1864, he rejoined his corps and participated in the battles of the Wilderness with Grant. He fought the battle of Boydton road capturing 1,000 prisoners and two stands of colors.

With the battle of Boydton Gen. Hancock's active fighting in the war ceased. President Lincoln, who had learned to place a high estimate on Hancock's abilities, ordered him to Washington, and directed him at once to proceed with and organize an army of 50,000 veterans from discharged volunteers who had served an enlistment. The use of this army was alone prevented by the surrender of Lee and the ending of the war. At the close of the war Hancock commanded the army of the Shenandoah, relieving Gen. Sheridan. This army consisted of 35,000 men of all arms, and was destined to move south with Hancock's 50,000 veterans and join Gen. Sherman, but Joe Johnson threw up the sponge and rendered the movement unnecessary.

SINCE THE WAR.

Gen. Hancock's career since the war is so well known it needs but little mention here. For his services during the war he was appointed a brigadier and afterwards a major general in the regular army and assigned the command of the middle department. In 1866 he took command of the department of Missouri and conducted two campaigns against hostile Indians, taking the field in person at the head of 1,500 men of all arms. In 1867 he was sent by the president to New Orleans to command the states of Texas and Louisiana. It was in this field of labor that he distinguished himself by setting the example of an officer of the army with extraordinary powers strenuously insisting upon the entire subordination of military to civil authority in time of peace. Among the military commanders during the reconstruction period he was conspicuous in this regard, and the conditions then laid down in his general orders and correspondence did more perhaps than anything else to make him the ideal soldier in the minds of the constitutional democrats. In 1868 he was relieved at his own request, and in 1869, '70, '71 and '72 commanded the department of Dakota. Since then he has commanded the military division of the Atlantic, composed of the department of the lakes, the department of the east and department of Washington, with headquarters at Governor's Island, New York City.

HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Hancock, in personal appearance, is tall, well formed and very handsome. His height cannot be less than six feet two inches, and he weighs fully two hundred and forty pounds. He would make the fidest looking president who ever sat in the White House, except, possibly, George Washington. His form towers above other men and he attracts attention by his mere looks wherever he goes. His eyes are blue and have a benignant and mild expression when in repose, but inspiring when in danger. His manner is dignified and knightly and he is courtesy himself. He is always magnetic, and draws men to him by his kindliness and gentle interest in their affairs.

General Hancock had two children, Russell Hancock and Ida Elizabeth Hancock. The latter died in New York, of typhoid fever, when 18 years of age. She was a young lady of great promise. Russell Hancock, the general's only son, is living and is a planter in Mississippi.

A volume would not contain an account of all the heroic deeds of a man like Hancock; his is of such a man. A glorious soldier, a steadfast friend, a useful citizen, he is all that is noble, manly and brave in poor fallen humanity.

(A sketch of Hon. Wm. H. English, of Indiana, the Democratic candidate for Vice President, will be given in our next.)

The *Harrisburg Patriot* is decidedly at the head of Democratic papers in the state, and we hope it may have a wide circulation during the campaign just opening. The objective point next to the election of Gen. Hancock to the Presidency is to redeem the old Keystone and place her once more into the Democratic column, and one way to do this is to spread sound political doctrine. The club rates of the Patriot are so low as to be within the reach of all. Read the prospectus in another column.

TUTEN is getting to be mighty big feeling and selfish, or else extremely hard to "govern." Why the man is impudent enough to want a President and Vice President all for his own use. In last week's *Republican* he gives the portraits of two chaps and calls them "Our next President and Vice President," and what is worse he displays very poor taste in the selection of his rulers. The first is a good enough looking fellow and would no doubt make a good commercial agent or something of that sort, but the other—Ugh! He looks very sour and surly and would seem to be well adapted to superintend a state's prison or some such institution. Try again Edward, you can surely do better than that.

Garfield Anxious About Cameron.

Washington Tel. to Cincinnati Commercial, Rep.

The friends of General Garfield, as well as the General himself, are said to be exceedingly anxious Senator Cameron should accept the chairmanship of the national Republican committee, for the reason, as freely stated that without the cordial cooperation of Mr. Cameron and his friend in Pennsylvania that state must be placed in the list of doubtful States.

New merits and virtues are now daily discovered in the character and career of Mr. Garfield, by the Republican press. Some of our fellows just the other day discovered that he is a *statesman*. Whew! who would have thunk it just a few weeks ago.

A Negro's Desperation.

RICHMOND, Va., June 21.—Last night, at about 11 o'clock, a negro named William Barke in a supposed fit of jealousy shot Pat Harris, also colored, in the mouth. He then locked himself up in his house with his wife, and armed with a loaded musket, defied arrest, threatening to kill anyone who attempted to enter. The police surrounded the house and proceeded to break in. A panel was knocked out of the door, through which Burke's wife tried to make her exit from the house, but before she had succeeded her husband struck her over the head with the musket, crushing in her skull and scattering her brains. The police then entered and secured the murderer. While all this was going on a large crowd of negroes gathered, and when they learned that Burke had killed his wife the excitement became intense, and an effort was made to take him from the police and hang him, but the officers kept the crowd off and took their prisoner to the station house.

HOW LONG HAVE I TO LIVE?—It is not every one who asks himself this question, because, strangely enough, it is the belief of most persons that their lives will be exceptionally lengthy. This table has been the result of careful calculation, and seldom proves misleading. Of course sudden and premature deaths, as well as lives unusually extended, occasionally occur, but this is a table of the average expectancy of life of an ordinary man or woman.

Age	More Years to live.
1	39
10	51
20	41
30	34
40	28
50	21
60	14
70	9
80	4

Our readers will easily gather from the above tabulated statement the number of years to which their lives, according to the law of averages, may reasonably be expected to extend.

One of the most urgent demands of our time is a system of education which shall train the young to apply their school learning. At the Pennsylvania State College practical instruction in Agriculture, Horticulture, Botany, Zoology, Mechanist, Chemistry, etc; is given, and thus theory in the class room is applied and enforced by experience in the field and laboratory. Spring session opens April 9th. For catalogue and full information address the Business Manager, State College, Centre Co., Pa. tf

FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

THE "PATRIOT" DURING THE PRESIDENTIAL CANVASS.

IN order that everybody, no matter how poor in purse, may read the news during the great political struggle of 1880, the DAILY PATRIOT (Sunday edition included) will be sent by mail to any address, postage free, from the present time until the fifteenth of November next, for $3.00; to clubs of five or more, (and one copy free to the sender of the club,) $2.00 per copy. Without Sunday edition, the DAILY PATRIOT will be sent by mail to any address, postage free, for same period for $2.00; to clubs of five or more (with one copy free to sender of club) $2.00 per copy.

THE WEEKLY PATRIOT

from the present time until the week after the Presidential election will be sent to any address, postage free, for FORTY CENTS; to clubs of five or upwards for THIRTY-FIVE CENTS per copy, with one copy free to sender of clubs. Democratic local organizations cannot circulate cheaper and more affective campaign literature than newspapers furnished at these extraordinarily low rates. Send in your orders addressed to PATRIOT PUBLISHING CO. HARRISBURG, Pa.

A VALUABLE HOME AT PRIVATE SALE!

The undersigned offers at private sale his Valuable Home, about one mile north west of Millheim, containing

SEVENTEEN ACRES OF LAND,

7 acres of which are cleared and under good cultivation, and the balance well timbered. The improvements are a good, new

TWO-STORY HOUSE, NEW BARN,

and all necessary outbuildings, all new and in best condition. It is one of the most convenient and desirable homes in Pennsvalley. For price and terms call on or address H. C. FRANKENBERGER.

PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned one of the Executors of the Estate of George Shmeltzer, dec'd, will offer at private sale, that

VALUABLE TOWN PROPERTY

situated in the town of Madisonburg, Centre county Pa., consisting of six ¼ acre lots, a SPLENDID DWELLING House good stable, all necessary outbuildings, choice fruit on the premises, and all the conveniences of a pleasant home, also a tract of woodland about 1 mile northeast of said town, containing about one hundred acres, well timbered with oak, pine and chestnut. Known as the property of George Shmeltzer, dec'd.

ADAM SHAFER, Jr.,
25-4t Executor.

MILLHEIM CEMETERY—APPLICATION FOR CHARTER.—Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to a law judge of Centre county on the 15th day of July, A. D. 1880, under the act of assembly approved April 29th, 1874, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "The Millheim Cemetery Association," the object of which is to purchase real estate and improve the cemetery for the purposes of sepulture.

CLEMENT DALE,
24-3t Solicitor for Applicants.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of H. G. Smith, late of Penn township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

JAMES C. SMITH,
22-6t Executor.

AGENTS WANTED to sell this, the first, cheapest, best and the only authentic low priced book containing the lives of

GEN'L. W. S. HANCOCK AND W. H. ENGLISH.

A complete record of the early and military life of MAJ. GENERAL WINFIELD S. HANCOCK, with a full and graphic account of the proceedings, speeches and incidents at the Cincinnati Convention, also the platform, table of ballots and letters of acceptance, with the life of W. H. ENGLISH. Richly embellished with numerous artistic illustrations and fine, handsome engraved Portraits of each Candidate. Sure success to all who take hold, will positively outsell all books. Send for circulars and extra terms.

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CENTRAL State Normal School

(Eighth Normal School District.)
LOCK HAVEN, CLINTON CO., P.

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This School as at present constituted, offers the very best facilities for Professional and Classical learning.

Buildings spacious, inviting and commodious; completely heated by steam, well ventilated, and furnished with a bountiful supply of pure water, soft spring water.

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Teachers experienced, efficient, and alive to their work.

Discipline, firm but kind, uniform and thorough.

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I. Academic. II. Commercial. III. Music. IV. Art.

The Elementary and Scientific courses are Professional, and students graduating therein receive Diplomas, conferring the following corresponding degrees: Master of the Elements, and Master of the Sciences. Graduates in the other courses receive Normal certificates of their attainments, signed by the Faculty.

The Professional courses are liberal, and are in thoroughness not inferior to those of our best colleges.

The State requires a higher order of citizenship. The times demand it. It is one of the prime objects of this school to help to secure it by furnishing intelligent and efficient teachers for her schools. To this end it solicits young persons of good abilities and good purposes—those who desire to improve their time and their talents, as students. To all such it promises aid in developing their powers and abundant opportunities for well paid labor after leaving school.

For catalogue and terms address the Principal.

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AT THE
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CONSUMPTION CURED
BY
CRUDE PETROLEUM PILLS.
Gained 29 lbs. weight in two months.

POWHATTAN C. H., VA., April, 1880.

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Dear Sir—After having been sick twelve months, and tried the best physicians of the country without doing me the least good, I tried your CRUDE PETROLEUM PILLS. When I commenced taking them I caughed almost incessantly, had hemmorrhage, night sweats, etc. I weighed 114 lbs. After taking the Pills two months the cough and night sweats ceased and had no hemorrhages, and weighed 143 lbs.

Yours, respectfully,
FRED. C. DUNN.

Thousands of cases like the above.

The Pills are also a positive cure for chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, and all Lung and Throat troubles.

TRIAL BOXES, 25 CTS. LARGE BOXES (130 pills) $1. Sent by mail on receipt of price, with directions. Address

DR. M. MILTON,
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PENSIONS! Apply at once, if you have been disabled in the U. S. service. LAW EXPIRES JULY 1st, 1880. FOR ARREARS. PENSIONS INCREASED. Thousands of Pensioners are rated too low. BOUNTY AND NEW DISCHARGES PROCURED. Information freely given. Send stamps for blanks Address,

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P. O. Box, 592. Washington, D.C. 21-3m

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Div.

SUMMER TIME TABLE.

On and after SUNDAY, May 30th, 1880, the trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division will run as follows:

	WESTWARD.	
ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	11 55 p. m.
" "	Harrisburg	4 25 a. m.
" "	Williamsport	8 35 a. m.
" "	Jersey Shore.	9 07 a. m.
" "	Lock Haven.	9 40 a. m.
" "	Renovo	11 00 a. m
" arr. at	Erie	7 55 p. m.
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia	9 00 a. m.
" "	Harrisburg	12 20 a. m.
" arr. at	Williamsport	3 15 p. m.
" "	Lock Haven.	4 20 p. m.
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia	11 50 a. m.
" "	Harrisburg	3 35 p. m.
" arr. at	Williamsport	7 25 p. m.
" "	Lock Haven	8 40 p. m.
	EASTWARD.	
PACIFIC EXP. leaves	Lock Haven..	6 45 a. m.
" "	Jersey Shore..	7 15 a. m.
" "	Williamsport.	7 55 a. m.
" arr. at	Harrisburg...	11 40 a. m.
" "	Philadelphia..	3 15 p. m.
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Lock Haven..	11 10 a. m.
" "	Williamsport	12 20 p. m.
" arr. at	Harrisburg ..	3 40 p. m.
" "	Philadelphia	6 45 p. m.
ERIE MAIL leaves	Renovo	8 40 p. m.
" "	Lock Haven	9 50 p. m.
" "	Williamsport	11 10 p. m.
" arr. at	Harrisburg	2 45 a. m.
" "	Philadelphia	7 10 a. m.
FAST LINE leaves	Williamsport	12 35 a. m.
" arr. at	Harrisburg	3 50 a. m.
" "	Philadelphia	7 40 a. m.

Erie Mail West and Day Express East make close connections at Northumberland with L. & B. R. R. trains from Wilkesbarre and Scranton.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West and Fast Line West make close connection at Williamsport with N. C. R. W. trains north.

Niagara Express West and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R. at Corry with O. C. & A. V. R. R. at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

Parlor cars will run between Philadelphia and Williamsport on Niagara Express West and Day Express East. Sleeping cars on all night trains.

WM. A. BALDWIN, General Sup't.

L. C. & S. C. RAIL ROAD.

WESTWARD.	1.	3.	5.
LEAVE	A. M.	P. M.	P. M
Montandon	7 00	2 00	6 20
Lewisburg Arrive	7 15	2 10	6 35
Lewisburg Leave	7 15	2 20	
Fair Ground	7 20	2 30	
Biehl	7 30	2 40	
Vicksburg	7 35	2 48	
Mifflinburg Arrive	7 50	3 05	
Mifflinburg Leave	7 50	3 15	
Millmont	8 10	3 35	
Laurelton	8 20	3 50	
Coburn	9 30		
Arrive at Spring Mills	10 00		
EASTWARD.	2.	4.	6.
LEAVE	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Spring Mills		10 20	
Coburn		10 45	
Laurelton		11 55	4 05
Millmont		12 05	4 20
Mifflinburg Arrive		12 30	4 40
Mifflinburg Leave		12 30	4 50
Vicksburg		12 55	5 05
Biehl		1 02	5 13
Fair Ground		1 05	5 23
Lewisburg Arrive		1 10	5 30
Lewisburg Leave	6 35	1 20	5 45
Arr. at Montandon	6 50	1 30	6 00

Nos. 1 & 2 connect at Montandon with Erie Mail west on the Philadelphia & Erie Rail Road.

Nos. 3 & 4 with Day Express east and Niagara Express west.

Nos. 5 & 6 with Fast Line west.

An Omnibus will run between Lewisburg and Montandon, to convey passengers to and from Pacific Express east on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad.

The regular Railroad Tickets will be honored between these two points.

THE SUBSCRIBERS would respectfully inform the citizens of this neighborhood that they have engaged in the undertaking business. They are prepared to fill all calls in this line at any time and would kindly solicit a share of patronage. A Full Line of

COFFINS & CASKETS

always on hand, which we are also ready to furnish to other undertakers at reasonable prices.

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Not to be paid for until Machines are received and examined.
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THE NEW LIGHT RUNNING COMBINATION SEWING MACHINE.

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A COMBINATION OF ALL THE BEST PRINCIPLES OF A SEWING MACHINE.
NONE BETTER MADE BY ANY COMPANY AT ANY PRICE.
A Machine you can depend upon every day you use it.
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perfect in every feature, complete in all its details, and without the faults of many other machines. So strong and durable it will stand the roughest usage and continuous wear without becoming out of order or requiring any repairs, and will last until the next century begins. Is sensibly made upon sound principles and so simple and easy, it is a pleasure to run it. Easy to learn, easy to manage, and

ALWAYS READY TO DO ITS WORK!!!

All the working parts are manufactured from the best steel, and are interchangeable; if one part gives out or breaks, from any cause, another can be inserted without cost or delay. Workmanship as fine as the best skilled labor can produce. We build no inferior goods. Every machine shipped from factory in perfect condition, and thoroughly warranted for five years. A complete set of new attachments—ten pieces—Hemmers, Binders, Tuckers, Quilters, Rufflers, &c., for all kinds of work, given free with each machine. Extra large shuttle, with bobbins that hold an ordinary spool of thread. The Most Solid, Reliable and Satisfactory Machine ever invented for ALL KINDS OF FAMILY WORK, from finest *Cambric* to *Leather*, with all kind of thread. It does more work at less cost and labor than any other, and is the CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD. This Machine, so Simple, Powerful, and Perfect and Mechanism, is the Most Economical and Durable, and the EASIEST MACHINE IN THE MARKET TO SELL—its merits recommend it at once. Machines shipped to any point for examination before payment.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN. **$20** Territory will be granted, *free*, to good agents, in localities not already occupied. Descriptive Books, with engravings of each style, prices, and specimens of stitching mailed on application to the office of the

COMBINATION SEWING MACHINE, 737 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN. **$20**

NESBIT BROS.,

Successors to the "East Lewisburg Lumber & Manufacturing Company,

Manufacturers of

Flooring, Siding, Moulding, Doors, Sash, Blinds, Verandas and all other kinds of Building Materials.

BEING provided with ample facilities, the latest and most improved machinery, and the best mechanical skill, we are prepared to execute all orders promptly, and in the very best manner.

We give special attention to the furnishing of Material for the better grades of

HOUSE BUILDING.

Also, to the manufacture of SCHOOL OFFICE and CHURCH FURNITURE, SUNDAY SCHOOL, and PRIVATE BOOK CASES.

FACTORY—EAST LEWISBURG. NESBIT BROS.
N. B.—We can send Materials to Coburn or Spring Mills at cheap freights. 25-1

AS USUAL!

HARRIS'S Standard Store,

235 MARKET ST.,

LEWISBURG, PA., ALWAYS AHEAD!

No old Stock or shopworn Goods!

EVERYTHING NEW!

APPERTAINING TO THE SEASON.

Having made early Spring purchases, we are enabled to offer our patrons a COMPLETE ASSORTMENT of the following articles, and a comparison of our prices with other establishments is respectfully solicited.

EVERYTHING MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES, AND Strictly ONE Price!

Spring Hats and Bonnets IN ALL GRADES!

Ribbons, Silks and SATINS!

Feathers & Flowers

AN ENDLESS ASSORTMENT OF

Laces and Embroideries

25 per cent below regular prices.

GLOVES, HOSIERY AND

CORSETS!

SILK, LINEN AND CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS!

ALL THE NOVELTIES IN LADIE NECKWARE!

A FULL LINE OF

DRESS BUTTONS!

REAL AND IMITATION

HAIR GOODS!

Zephyrs,
Germantown Wools,
Chromo & other Mottoes!
BLACK WALNUT
Picture Frames

IN ALL SIZES, A SPECIALITY, AT FULLY 50 PER CENT. LESS THAN ELSEWHERE.

We will receive daily during the Spring and Summer Season additions to the above.

THUNDER,

Lightning, Wind and Rain, you will NEVER HAVE SUCH A CHANCE AGAIN. We have the best

The Millheim Journa .

THURSDAY, JULY 1., 1880

DEININGER & BUMILLER,
Editors and Proprietors.

Local Department.

—Neighbor John Keen is on the sick list. Hope he may soon recover.

—The Central State Normal School, of Lock Haven, graduates 47 teachers this week.

—Grasshoppers are devouring everything green in Oliver township, Mifflin county.

—Howard & Dunkle, of Lock Haven, have contracted to paint and fresco the new Reformed church at Madisonburg.

—The wheat crop of Centre county will be very good generally. It is about a week earlier than usual.

—A Bellefonte paper says that they have 126 old maids up there. Well, if they are entitled to that number let them have them.

—The fine and valuable Shmeltzer property in Madisonburg is to be sold by executor's private sale. See advertisement in another column.

—Haying is about over and the crop is a very short one. Most of our farmers will have to depend on "cornfodder" to winter their stock.

—Miss Emma J. Ulrick, one of our most charming young ladies, left us last Thursday for Harrisburg where she expects to stay some time.

—Rev. C. F. Deininger and family were enjoying their summer vacation here for the last week or more. Pretty good place yet, that old Millheim, eh?

—Out of ten or eleven cases that were carried up to the supreme court from Clinton county only one was reversed. This is a high tribute to the legal ability of Judge Mayer.

—It is pretty generally thought that the Lycoming Fire Insurance Company will be obliged to wind up its business for good. There will not be many regrets in this section if it does.

—The Democrat says there are already many candidates for county superintendent. Haven't heard of any in this section. Mr. Meyer's second term expires next June, and it is understood he will not be a candidate again.

—Another building up in Strasburg. It is Clark Musser's fault this time. The building is a sort of a combination arrangement, good to wash in, store wood and coal in, and will afford several good places to "hang up the shovel and the hoe."

THE FORKS HOUSE—at Coburn is just now undergoing a thorough repainting, inside. Mine host Perry showed us through the other day and we confess that the fresco work is very fine and artistic. "Der deutsch Bill" and Mr. J. W. Bartges are doing the job.

—The boroughs of Centre county with their populations are as follows: Bellefonte, 3005; Philipsburg, 1780; Milesburg, 900; Millheim, 576; Howard, 496; Unionville,———.Penn township, 813. The returns are very incomplete.

—Next week will be the short summer vacation for poor, weary printers and no paper will be issued from this office in consequence. We will keep open doors however for the accommodation of our friends who may call on us on business or for a social chat.

—The centennial services of the Evangelical Sunday School on Sabbath evening were an interesting occasion. Able speeches were made by Revs. Smith, Deininger and Stambach. A collection was lifted for the S. S. and Tract cause, but we did not learn what amount was realized. The meeting was a success.

—The Rebersburg Select School reopens Tuesday, July 20th, next, and continues ten weeks. One of its principal features is to prepare teachers professionally. Tuition from $2.50 to $600. Board at $2.00 to $2.25 per week Fer further information apply to

C. L. GRAMLEY,
Teacher.

RUN OFF.—On Monday while Mr. George Moyer, near town was mowing grass a wheel of the mower cracked with a considerable report which frightened the horses and started them to run. Mr. Moyer was somehow thrown from the reaper, but fortunately not on the side where the cutter is, but the horses made off at full speed and when caught the reaper was a wreck. How fortunate that matters are not worse.

—Charley Frankenberger offers his home, near town, at private sale. Any person desiring a property of this size would do well to look at this one for there is not a more complete property in this neighborhood.

The buildings are all new and very complete. Good water in abundance all the year round and choice fruit of every kind. tf.

—The Central Mfg. Co. this season has been unusally successful. During the year they manufactured more of the Bates Harvester than last year by several hundred, and yet at the present time they are sold out entire. They have set the men at work building a new lot. The demand for Bates Harvesters has gone far beyond the largest expectation of the company, and shows in a striking degree its superiority over other machines.—*Lewisburg Journal.*

—*The Democrats of Millheim will meet in the Town Hall next Monday evening for the purpose of organizing a HANCOCK & ENGLISH CLUB. Let there be a full turn out.*

—Our school board recently organized for the current year as follows: W. R. Weiser, President; A. Walter, Secretary; S. D. Musser, Treasurer.

—Last Sunday Rev. W. H. Gotwald, pastor of the Lutheran church, at Milton, was in Shamokin and collected $132.35 toward the erection of a new church in Milton. One lady presented him with $25 to aid in purchasing a library for himself. At Mt. Carmel he received $21.23 for his church.

—During a thunder storm on Saturday afternoon Mr. Abraham King was very nearly struck by lightning. He was on the turnpike above Musser & Gephart's saw-mill with his team when the electric fluid struck a tree standing at the water's edge, not over a rod from where King stood. He was severely stunned but sustained no lasting injury. Mr. C. W. Hartman saw it all from the saw mill.

"OFFICE OF O. B. NAGLE,
Chief Burgess.
Milton, Pa., 6|25, 1880.

A. WALTER,
B. O. DEININGER,
SAMUEL WEISER, Jr., Committee,
Gentlemen—We have received your kind favor of the 24th inst., for which accept thanks. Enclosure-check, $23.69.

Very Respectfully,
O. B. NAGLE,
Burgess."

The above tells the whole short story of what Millheim did for Milton. Small as the contribution is it is still a credit to those that raised it and may be the beginning of better and greater things in the future. We must encourage a broader and nobler liberality and fellow-feeling towards our suffering fellow men. A part of the above sum was paid by persons not residing in town.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for July is on our tab ahead, as usual. Every number of this magazine has some special feature, and the one, this month, is an illustrated article on "Royal Beauties of This Century." Among other portraits given is one of Louis, Queen of Prussia, mother of the present German Emperor, one of the most beautiful women that ever lived, if we may judge from this engraving. Then there is a colored fashion plate; a colored pattern; numerous spirited wood engravings; designs in embroidery, and a score or more of the newest fashions in dresses, hats, bonnets, &c. The stories are even better than usual, and that is saying a great deal. Among them are the opening chapters of a powerful novelet, "The Lost Talisman of Montezuma," by a new contributor, besides other original tales, all by first-class American writers. The price of "Peterson" is but two dollars a year. In clubs, six copies are sent for nine dollars, with an extra copy for a year as a premium, to the person getting up the club. Unquestionably "Peterson" is the "*cheapest, as well as the best*," as the publisher claims. Specimens are sent, gratis, to persons wishing to get up clubs. As a new volume begins with the July number, now is a capital time to subscribe. Address CHAS. J. PETERSON, 306 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

—The following beautiful and deserved tribute to a neighboring valley and town and their clever and hospitable people, we clip from the *Lewisburg Chronicle:*

West Susquehanna Classis of the Reformed church which met in Rebersburg on the 19th ult., adjourned to meet in Selinsgrove on the first Wednesday of May 1881. From the following extract from the proceedings of the late meeting, we are led to believe that tender chickens do much abound in Brush Valley: "The only fault to find with this valley is its name, Brush Valley without the brush. Instead of brush it is a valley of broad fertile fields. In no other valley does the earth yield her increase more bountifully. The very sight of the waving grain maketh glad the heart of man. Nestled in the heart of such rural fertility, Rebersburg's cup of plenty literally runeth over. The valley is narrow, but the hearts of the people are large, and greatly given to hospitality. Never did families open their doors wider and load their tables heavier for guests.—The pastor *loci* is in this respect also an example to his flock. The physician of the town is in no wise found behind in this grace of hospitality. We liked his prescriptions. True, he insisted on large doses, but they were not hard to take."

SPRING MILLS ITEMS.

Quite a Hancock boom here. [Yes, *everywhere.*—Editor.]

Thomas Hoover, while working in a well fell down some 18 feet. He was laid up for a few days.

A little daughter of Ira Barger fell of a horse breaking her arm. She is getting along as well as can be expected.

Some unknown person entered Miss Cassey Rishel's house while she was at the barn and stole some $90 in gold and silver. Hope the thief may be found out and brought to justice.

Our farmers are all busy harvesting, which comes unusally early this year. Will have about two thirds of a crop in this neighborhood.

How about the "glorious Fourth," and will it strike Spring Mills? It should not be entirely ignored. Hope something may yet be done.

And lastly—the wedding of Dr. F. H. VanValzah of this place and Miss Jennie R. VanValzah, of Mifflinburg by Rev. James D. Wilson, of New York. The happy couple are on a tour to Niagara and other places. The best wishes of the entire community are with them.

YONEY.

—Elias Lose expects soon to move his entire shop bodily on to the island in the rear of the Evangelical church.

Among agents and families, the great demand now is for the new light running Combination Sewing Machine, because it has stood the test, and is better made, with more improvements, will last longer, and is much lower in price, (only $20,) than other machines, and having attained a merited popularity among the people for reliability, it is welcomed wherever it makes its appearance. It is built for strength and constant hard work, has interchangeable working parts, manufactured of fine polished steel, and will run for years without repairs; is simple to learn, easy to manage, understood perfectly in an hour, and always ready to do every description of heavy or fine family work at less cost, more easily, smoothly, and faster, and with less labor or trouble than any other machine *at any price*, ever did, or can do. Tuckers, quilters, rufflers, hemmers, binders, &c., free with each machine. No advance payments. Machines shipped to any R. R. station for examination before payment of bill. Agents make money rapidly, supplying the great demand for this the Cheapest Machine in the world. Territory free. For illustrated catalogue of prices, specimens of stitch, &c., address, office of the Combination Sewing Machine, 737 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

LETTER FROM THE WEST.

From the Clinton Democrat.

OMAHA, June 13, 1880.

Lock Haven Democrat:

Dear Sirs—I beg leave for a space in the columns of your widely circulated paper, for the benefit of those contemplating emigrating to the West with a view of making it their home; and to show the suffering condition of those who have within the past five years emigrated to the States of Kansas, Nebraska and the mining districts of Colorado. Knowing (as I do) that many of the readers of your valuable paper will be benefitted thereby, I am sure it will be conducive to their interest to know the exact condition of the above States.

I have found in my travels throughout many counties of Kansas, Nebraska and the mining districts of Colorado, that people with limited means would be far better off if they totally ignore the advice of the great and illustrious Horace Greely, viz: "Go West," and remain in the East, no matter *how humble* their homes may be.

The wheat crops in many counties of Kansas for the past two years have been an entire failure, especially those in the southeastern portion of that State, and this year there will only be one-fourth of a crop throughout the entire State. The tide of emigration is now flowing much faster than emigration has ever been, many of the unfortunates going farther west to Oregon and Montana. While the majority are working their way back to their former homes in the East, many of them are too poor to get away and are left with starvation staring them in the face, with no possible way to keep the "grim wolf" from them without aid from her sister States. For an illustration, I was brought in contact with one family to-day who were meandering back to their old homes in a truly pitiable state, entirely destitute of the necessities that make life even bearable. The family to whom I refer left their home in Kansas with nothing but a small push cart. When they reached this place they had traveled 286 miles on foot and have yet to go 160 miles before they reach their former home in Iowa. There were twelve in the family. The mother had a babe at her breast only six months old, and the remaining eight children ranging from that up to nineteen years of age. They tell me in all there were forty-three families, to their personal knowledge, left Wilson county, and are now on their way to the East. I can truthfully say that portions of Nebraska are no better than Kansas, for in many places they have not received any rain since last fall.

A word now to the young men who have the Leadville fever. My advice is STAY EAST. I must confess I was much disappointed. Denver is a busy town, but outside this place there is not much of Colorado. You may believe as much as you please about Eastern people doing well here and set the rest down as all talk—nothing more. For instance, I met a carpenter here from the East. He was glad to see one from Penn. He received $2.25 per day in the East. At Denver he gets $2.50 per day. It costs him $3.50 per week to live in the East. In Denver $7.50 at the lowest, and not as good as you can live in Lock Haven for $3. All whom I have heard of from the East as doing well, with one exception, would gladly be back to their old homes, if it was not for pride or fear that they could not get their old jobs. I have seen young men in Denver and Leadville working at common laborers' work on small pay, scarcely enough to eke out a scant living on. I have every reason to believe they were raised in the "lap of luxury," and never knew what it was to wish a second time for any thing that a parent of wealth and influence could procure for them until they came West.

After living in the mining towns young men, generally speaking, do not care to break off their associates as they fall into the prevalent habit to which every one from the newsboy to the merchant seems addicted, viz, gambling.

The road from Denver to Leadville is lined with prospectors, gamblers, banko steerers, cut throats and thieves. Nearly all that have money start back after staying there a day or two, but the majority "go broke" and fly to the drinking and gambling shops to see if they cannot pick up enough to get away with. Poor devils come to Denver from Leadville on every train and present sorry sights. It is a shame for veteran newspapers, in whom its patrons place confidence, to sell their birthrights to railway companies for the purpose of inducing poor people to come out here.

That there is a large amount of wealth in minerals in the mountains no one can doubt, but there are from three to four times as many people in Colorado as it can support.

I am at present in Omaha, working in a wholesale furniture store. Omaha is a beautiful town of from 30,000 to 35,000 inhabitants, but like all other Western towns, it is over-run.

I met a good many Pennsylvanians here. Some are doing very well, others not so well, and are anxious to be back home. The main mechanical branches that are in a thriving condition are bricklayers and carpenters.

While in Leavenworth, Kansas, I met Lock Haven's old townsman, Dr. J. M. McCormick, who is doing a large practice.

Well for fear of monopolizing too much of your valuable space, I will close. Respectfully,

H. A. FINLAYSON.

News Miscellany.

Rev. F. W. Conrad, editor of the Lutheran Observer, it is said, has committed to memory the entire hymn book of the Lutheran church, and when giving them out quotes the number of the hymns and recites them correctly with out looking at the book.

ATTEMPT AT ABDUCTION.

The Charlie Ross Game Nearly Successful in Wisconsin.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., June 23.—While Bertie Sherman, aged 12 years, was returning from school yesterday afternoon he was induced to get into a buggy in which there were two men who tied his hands, blindfolded him and drove rapidly away. When about thirteen miles from the city he jumped from the buggy, notwithstanding their threats to kill him, and a farmer coming to the rescue, the men escaped. A detective is on their track. The boy's parents are wealthy, and the kidnapping was doubtless for the purpose of securing a reward for his return.

When the army worm visited the farm of Reuben Bailey, in Marple township, Delaware county, instead of attacking the grain and grass they climed a pine tree and stripped it of everything green. They were so thick upon the tree as to be almost a solid mass.

MARRIED.

On the 25th inst., Mr. John Morris, of Williamsport, and Miss Ella Musser, of Muncy.

On the 8th inst., by Rev Z. Hornberger, Mr. Jacob Wolf, of Lewisburg and Miss Lizzie Pane of Lock Haven.

On the 23rd inst., at the residence of Peter Wilson, Esq., Spring Mills, Pa., by Rev. James D. Wilson, Dr. F. H. VanValzah and Miss Jane R. VanValzah.

DIED.

On the 18th inst., near Centre Hall, Catharine wife of Uriah Osman, aged 51 years 7 months and 20 days.

Millheim Market.

Corrected every Wednesday by Gephart & Musser.

Wheat No. 1	1.00
Wheat No. 2	90
Corn	40
Rye	50
Oats White	33
Oats, Black	30
Buckwheat	50
Flour	6.00
Bran & Shorts, per ton	20.00
Salt, per Bbl	2.00
Plaster, ground	10.00
Cement, per Bushel	45 to 50
Barley	50
Tymothyseed	
Flaxseed	
Cloverseed	5.00
Butter	17
Eggs	10
Hides	7
Veal	
Pork	
Beef	
Eggs	12
Potatoes	
Lard	6
Tallow	
Soap	5
Dried Apples	
Dried Peaches	
Dried Cherries	

COAL MARKET.

Egg Coal	$5.60
Stove "	5.75
Chestnut "	5.40
Pea "	3.80

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

P. GEPHART D. A. MUSSER

GEPHART & MUSSER

DEALERS IN

Grain, Cloverseed, Flour & Feed, Coal, Plaster & Salt

MILLHEIM, PA

Highest market price paid for all kinds of

GRAIN

Delivered either at the BRICK MILL or at the old MUSSER MILL, in MILLHEIM.

COAL, PLASTER & SALT

Always on hand and sold at prices that defy competition.

A share of the public patronage respectfully solicited. 39-1y

IRVIN HOUSE,
(*Most Central Hotel in the City,*)
COR. MAIN AND JAY ST.,
Lock Haven, Pa.,
S. WOODS CALDWELL, PROPRIETOR

Good Sample Rooms for Commercial Traveler on first floor.

PATENTS

and how to obtain them. Pamphlet free, upon receipt of Stamp for postage. Address—

GILMORE, SMITH & CO.
Solicitors of Patents,
Near Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

1880. BEE HIVE! 1880

To my Friends in Penns and Brush Valleys!

THE LARGEST

DRY GOODS HOUSE

IN CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA IS THE GREAT

BEE HIVE Store of Lock Haven.

BEE HIVE!

Which is now Opening the Third Stock for the Spring of 1880

which is simply Immense in all its Departments.

30,000 Yards Bleached and Unbleached Muslins,

CALICOS AND SHIRTINGS

A large stock of 10-4, 9-4, 6-4, 5-4 UTICA BLEACHED and UNBLEACHED SHEETINGS and PILLOW CASI NG
3000 Yards Good Calico, Fast Colors. Beautiful Styles, 6 Cents a Yard.
The Largest Stock of TABLE LINENS ever shown in this City at old prices. 500 TOWELS at 25 Cents, worth 40 Cents. 35 dozen 3-4 Bleached all LINEN NAPKINS at $2.65, worth $3.40. 18 inch TWILLED HEAVY TOWELLING, 18

1000 Yards of Summer Pantings,

Bought early in January, since which time they have advanced 20 per cent., but will be sold at old prices of a year ago.

2,000 Yards All-Wool Cassimeres,

FANCY CHEVIOT SUITINGS,

French Diagonals and Shirtings, 1,000 Yards Black all wool Cashmeres
Cheaper than ever. 2000 yards Beautiful Spring Cashmeres at 15 cents, worth 20. French Momie Cloths, Full Line of Fren aoo Buntings in Plain and Lace Goods. Silk Grenadines. French Organdie and Linen Lawns, nice patterns.

500 YARDS BEAUTIFUL SUMMER SILKS,

At 50, 55 and 60 cents a yard. The Largest, Handsomest, Cheapest lot of Plain and Brocade, Black and Colored Silks ever shown. Large lot of Ladies' Coats at Half Price. The handsomest Stock of

BRUSSELS AND INGRAIN CARPETS

In this section of the State. Large lot of Window Shading and Fixtures. 1,500 lbs. Cotton and Wool Carpet Chain.

CITIZENS of Penns and Brush Valleys should avail themselves of the advantages we are now offering, by buying their goods early at the BEE HIVE. Thanking my Patrons for their liberal patronage in 1878, we hope by continuing to keep only first-class goods, with a full assortment of all the Novelties of the Season; by representing goods on MERIT ONLY, and selling at LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES to *merit even a much larger share of the patronage in* 1880, as we have decided advantages over every competitor on account of the immense quantities we buy. ☞SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS to Large Buyers and trade from a distance. ☞ORDERS BY MAIL WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION. ☞REMEMBER THE PLACE.☜

The Great Bee Hive Dry Goods House,

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

J. J. EVERETT, Proprietor.

WANTED.—50,000 pounds of Wool in exchange or for cash at the Bee Hive Store.

SECOND ARRIVAL OF SPRING CLOTHING

AT THE

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH

Allegheny Street, Opposite Reynold's Opera Hous

"Hello, neighbor! Will you be good enough to hold my horse minutes and inform me where that cheap store is the people talk much about?"

"Oh, yes, with pleasure. The Philadelphia Branch, you mean?"

"Yes, that is the name. It sounds down the valleys and up the plains."

"Do you see away down that street yonder, where that great crowd of people is congregated?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that is the place. It is unnecessary for me to enumerate their goods; they have them. Only go ahead, you will not be disappointed, either in quality or price. You will find everything you want, in their line, and very accommodating men to wait on you, and show you goods, whether you buy or not. Be particular in going through to make your selections, as you might be detained in getting the second opportunity. They will adhere strictly to their motto: "One Price" and no overcharge to catch the customer, and all goods marked in plain figures. So you can see for yourself. Go ahead, neighbor; you cannot be disappointed in buying clothing there and such other goods as they keep. So good-by neighbor, I must be jogging along."

"Say, hold on! I will not detain you long. As you have been there and priced their goods, be kind enough to tell me their prices?"

"Oh, with pleasure; then you will wonder how they sell so cheap."

! KAMP !

THE BOOT & SHOE MAN OF LOCK HAVEN.

I have a very large stock of BOOTS, SHOES, Slippers & Ladies' WALKING SHOES, just opened up for Spring and Summer wear. My stock is as cheap as it was a year ago, because I bought it for cash before the advance. I am the only shoe dealer in Lock Haven that buys for cash & pays no rent wherefore I can sell you a better article for the same money than any dealer in the city. Give me a call and you will be convinced that your place to buy is

KAMP'S.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at GEO. P. ROWELL & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce Street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

ELIAS LOSE,

Doors, Shutes Sash, Window Frames, and Mouldings, made to order on short notice and in the best ossible manner

CARPENTER and Builder.

Yellow Pine Flooring constantly kept on hand. With thanks for past favors he solicits a continuence of the same

MILLHEIM, PA.

A FREE book of nearly 100 large octavo pages for the sick. Full of valuable notes, by Dr. E. B. FOOTE, on Scrofula, Diseases of the breathing organs; Diseases of men; Diseases of Women; aches and pains; Heart Troubles; and a great variety of chronic diseases, with evidence that in most cases these diseases are curable. Send a three Cent Stamp. Address, MURRAY HILL PUB. CO., No. 129 East 28th Street, New York City. 23-3m BOOK.

PENSIONS!

obtained for disabled soldiers, from date of discharge, if application is filed before July 1st, 1880. Pensions increased. Send postage for new laws, blanks and instructions. Address, W. C. BERINGER & CO., Pittsburgh, Pa., or Washington, D. C. ☞Oldest Claim Agency in the United States. 12-2m

Edwin J. Deshler. J. Jordan Deshler

DESHLER & SON,

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS,

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Calls promptly answered day or night.

JOHN H. GRAY,

Fashionable Barber.

Two doors west of Millheim Hotel,

MILLHEIM, PA.

DR. D H. MINGLE,

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Main Street, Millheim, Pa

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE

BELLEFONTE, PA

First Class in all respects.

CENTRALLY LOCATED.

Just the place for the business man, the farmer, the mechanic.

☞ *Omnibus to all trains.* ☜

W. R. TELER, Proprietor.

Natural and Distorted Growth.

True taste cultivates an admiration of beautiful natural forms; false taste distorts these into artificial and grotesque conceits. A tree possessing natural and graceful symmetry cannot but be pleasing to a true and cultivated judgment; cut or sheared into the shape of a stiff cone, a hay-cock, or a peacock or bear, it becomes at once an object of distorted unfitness. It is, however, quite common, all through the country, to see trees, and especially evergreens, tortured into unnatural forms. Most common of all is to trim the trunk up to a bare stem five or six feet or more high, giving the appearance of trees on stilts, instead of allowing the graceful sweep at the lower branches on the surface of the lawn. Others, again, are sheared back into the appearance of a solid mass, and where a number of trees are thus treated, the door-yard appears as if filled with a number of small hay-stacks. Such practices may be fitly compared to pinching the human body out of shape, as practiced by semi-barbarous people. If the trees threaten to grow too large, and any cutting back is required, let it be done with a knife and not with shears, so as to preserve, in some degree at least, the natural free ou line. In some landscape gardening, arched gaitways are represented and commended, where trees are bent out of shape and sheared into unnatural forms. If an arch of verdure must be had, let it be be made of natural climbers and twiners, so as to partly but not wholly conceal a properly and simply formed structure of iron or wood. In this way there would be no incongruous distortion and obvious unfitness of material to intended purpose. We have seen at flower shows ill-directed attempts to build temples of roses, and sometimes they have been made into the shapes of human beings, eagles, flags, etc. The mind at once revolts at the sight of solid and massive structures attempted with so fragile and delicate materials as flowers. Nearly as unfit is the attempt to build solid gateway arches of delicate foliage. There is another practice, much less objectionable, but still carried too far—the abundant planting of weeping trees. These are mostly unnatural to some extent, and if employed at all, the most graceful should be selected, and sparingly introduced. They sometimes assist in the variety of a sky outline. Many of them came in the first place from an unnatural twist of a branch, propagated and continued by grafting. We are glad to witness every attempt at improving and ornamenting the grounds which surrounds a home, even if these attempts may deviate considerably from the rules of criticism; but most pleasing of all are neat, finished, and tastefully planted grounds, with as much of natural and graceful beauty as can be brought together with so much simplicity that no display of oddity or twisted conceit can find a place. Purity and fitness should be obvious, and if much care and skill have been used in the management and keeping they should not be seen by the eye of the spectator.

In the Sahara.

All of one's preconceived ideas vanish before the facts of experience. The Sahara is not a desolate plain of moving sand, with no signs of vegetation, but a cultivated country, fruitful as the garden of Eden. Like our "great American desert," it has been greatly belied, El Sahr, as the Arabs pronounce it, is indeed a vast archipelago of oases, offering an animated group of towns and villages. A large belt of fruit trees surrounds each of these villages, and the palm, the fig, the date, apricots, pomegranates and vines abound in the utmost profusion. Ascending the Atlas Mountains by a gradual slope to the region of high tablelands, we come to the land of the Mozabites, or Ben Mozab, and then comes a gradual descent for 300 miles to the vast stretch of treeless country known as the great desert. The rivers have an inclination of about one foot in 400. Many of the stream are dry, except after rains, when they deluge the country. Gunshots are fired as soon as the torrents appear; all objects are removed, and soon, with a terrible noise, the flood rolls on. The Saharian city stands, as if by magic, on the banks of the waters which rise to the tufts of the palm trees, but a few days only elapse ere all disappears, leaving the district rich and fruitful. The inhabitants are not a migratory people, and, unlike the tent dwellers of the northern slope, live in substantial houses, with thatched roofs and ceilings of cane laid upon joists of aive wood. These houses generally consist of but one room, and have no furniture except mats on the floor and upon the walls for three or four feet high. Beds are sometimes found, but no one thinks of sleeping on them. The walls are whitewashed and inscribed with verses from the Koran. The inhabitants are made up of genuine Arabs and Berbers, or Kabyles, as the French call them. Jews are found in every oasis, and are very prosperous and influential, doing much of the trading and making up of the great caravans. These merchants frequently dress in a very gaudy and fantastic style, with gorgeous turban and sleeves of different colors, one being, perhaps, green and one red, and the shirt a bright yellow. They are not allowed to wear the chekia or red woolen cap, but may wear a black cap, and can only wear black slippers, which they must remove whenever they step outside the ghetto, and must step aside to the left when they meet a Moslem, and are not allowed to ride a horse. The men are handsome and the women uncommonly pretty, and do not cover their faces; neither do the Kabyle women, as is the custom of other women of the Sahara. Among the Kabyles of the mountain region a passport for annaya, from a sheik or a marabout, brings protection and hospitality.

AGRICULTURE.

GROWING HORSE-RADISH.—If we look through our markets and see the chunky stuff sold for horse-radish, it is clear that not one in a hundred knows how to grow it. Horse-radish well grown is as profitable as any garden crop, but we think there is not much profit in the scrubby stuff referred to. To have good horse-radish, a rather heavy soil should be chosen, but by no means wet, though one which gardeners would call damp and cool will be by no means objected to. It cannot very well be made too rich, and if subsoiling the ground is to find favor it will surely be in favor with this crop. Now the object in raising good horse-radish is to have long, clean, straight roots, and good culture is to get these. In raising horse-radish every piece of the root what a little of the crown grows. Generally pieces an inch or so long are set just beneath the soil, and one or more buds start up to make crowns with leaves, and others go down to make a root or roots. These are then forky or twisted and give the wretched roots we see. The proper way is to make holes with a dibble, postspade or crowbar so as to let the small pieces which are to make plants go down a foot or more. Then fill in the holes and wait. The result is thas in a couple of months a sprout will start upwards to the surface, and this sprout in time becomes the straight, clean root we have spoken about. The second season after planting they will be in marketable condition, and should be all taken up and marketed that season and a new plantation made in like manner on the same ground. From the pieces let in the ground by the digging of the old roots many will come up, and these are generally relied on to form the succeeding crops but these sprouts should be hoed off as they come and be regarded as nothing but weeds, which everything that comes up where it is not wanted is. In setting out the rows must be made about eighteen or twenty inches apart, and the pieces to form roots be planted about four or six inches apart. The distance, however, between the row is to be regulated by the method of culture. Where the plow is used to clear up between the rows they must be wider than when grown as a garden crop. The richness of the ground will also regulate the distance to put the sets apart. If these simple hints are followed, one need never be without a good relish for fish, roast beef, or any of the multitudinous dishes where a little pugency is not to be despised. But how few persons follow them, and indeed how few have even horse-radish enough to supply family needs? In trucking, however, it can be raised with other things for the market, and as we say above, will be found as profitable as anything they can take to market, when the amount of labor and profit is reckoned.

PLANTING POTATOES.—Nearly every rule which has been commonly laid down needs some modification according to circumstances, and different experimenters often come to partial or conflicting conclusions as external influences may have varied. For example, in the use of large and small seed, and of cut and uncut potatoes, the widest difference may result from controlling causes. In nearly all conditions it is better to cut the tubers, and thus obtain fewer stalks in the hill than by whole planting. But if the planting be done late, and the soil happens to be unusually dry in the time of a drouth, a cut potato may dry up and fail to grow, at a time when the impervious skin of a whole one will prevent wilting, and sufficient moisture and nourishment be afforded from it to start a good growth. The continual rule may therefore be laid down, to plant whole potatoes only in a dry soil, or in time of dry weather, which all good farmers will know how to avoid. For similar results from small or large seeds vary much with circumstances. Very small cut potatoes should be employed only when the soil is in fine, moist condition, and early in the spring. With these favorable chances we have obtained as large potatoes from cut seed of tubers as large as a robin's egg as from those weighing a quarter a quarter of a pound, and with a slightly small product per acre. The small sets were kept moist by a fine soil which surrounded them till they had sent up strong shoots. But as these favorable conditions are not likely to occur very often, it is always safer to employ seed of fair size, and to plant deep enough to escape surface drying. In view of these general principles it will be seen that there is little advantage in the frequent practice of cutting to a few eyes and dropping two pieces in a hill. These would be more likely to dry up in a soil not quite moist enough, than if the same number of eyes were allowed to remain on a single piece. These remarks are made from many trials under the varying conditions mentioned above.

FRUIT TREES ON LAWNS.—The question is often asked why fruit trees are not more generally planted on lawns and in gardens, instead of purely ornamental trees. The idea seems to prevail that fruit trees must be confined to the orchard or kitchen garden; yet what can be more beautiful than the pale pink and white of the apple blossom, the pure white of the cherry and pear, and the deep rose of the peach? Cherry trees literally white with blossoms are of no rare sight, and what is more charming than the graceful branches clad in spotless purity? Then, too, the ripe fruit, in thick clusters upon them in no less pleasing to the eye than gratifying to the taste. These are many varieties of trees which are planted in yards and lawns which have no mere sightly appearance than an apple tree, without its wealth of fragrant bloom, or its showers of luscious fruit. On the continent, fruit trees are planted along the sides of highways and lanes, and the fallen produce is looked upon as common property, provided the traveller does not trespass for it. Even in suburbs of cities and large towns, where but a few feet of land are allotted to each home, and where one would suppose that each inch of room would be made available, the front yards are planted with evergreen trees, or purely ornamental shrubs, to the utter exclusion of apple, pear or plum tees—any of which would be far preferable in every respect.

IRON FOR FRUIT TREES.—The scales which fly off from iron being worked at forges, iron trimmings, fillings, or other ferruginous material, if worked into the soil about fruit trees, or the more minute particles spread thinly on the lawn, mixed with the earth of flower beds or in pots, are more valuable. They are especially valuable to the peach and pear, and in fact supply necessary ingredients to the soil. For colored flowers they heighten the bloom and increase the brilliancy of white or nearly white flowers of all the rose family.

WARMTH saves feed, helps fattening, and prevents sickness among live stock.

DOMESTIC.

THE WARDROBE.—White ostrich feathers may be cleaned by taking four ounces of white soap, cut small, dissolved in four pints of water, rather hot, in a large basin. Make the solution into a lather, by beating it with rods or wire, then introduce the feathers, and rub well with the hands for five or six minutes; after this soaping, wash in clean water, as hot the hand can bear, and shake well until dry. To color feathers blue, wash well in soap and water, dry in the air, then rinse in warm water, and then dip in hot alum water; after this dip them in a solution of indigo composition called chemic blue, and immerse the feathers in the alum and the dye water alternately, till the requisite shade is obtained. A small piece of paper or linen moistened with spirits of turpentine, and put into a wardrobe or bureau for a single day, two or three times a year is recommended as a sufficient preservative of every description of dress or wearing apparel against injury from moths. Sandal wood or pieces of cedar also answer a very good purpose in this way.

Shrewdness and Ability.

Hop Bitters, so freely advertised in all the papers, secular and religious, are having a large sale, and are supplanting all other medicines. There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of these Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability in compounding a Bitters whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

OMELET.—Three eggs, white and yolks beaten well and separately, one half cup of milk, one tablespoonful flour one-half tablespoonful butter, pepper and salt to taste; divide the milk, stirring the flour in one-half put the other half where it will get just warm enough to melt the butter. Butter the frying-pan, have it hot, then pour in the mixture, after stirring all together, into the pan. The omelet is much nicer to stir the whites in the last thing before putting on to cook, fold when brown on under side.

WINDOWS AND WINDOW SILLS.—Throw open your bedroom windows top and bottom every morning before you leave your room; order your sitting-room windows to be similarly opened before breakfast. The fresh air comes in at the bottom and drives out the bad air at the top. When a carpet is being swept, have the window open at the top and bottom, for the fresh air coming in at the bottom, drives out the dirt and dust at the top. Every cleaning day for a room, have the window sills outside well scrubbed with soap and water and sand, also the sockets of the window sills.

POTATO CROQUET.—One pound mashed potato; one egg; one tablespoonful of milk; a little pepper and salt; a few spoonfuls of bread crumbs and cracker dust. The potatoes must be mashed when thoroughly dry. When mashed throw in a small quantity of salt, a little pepper and the yolk of an egg. Stir the yolk with the potatoes over the fire till thoroughly dry. Flour the board well, take a little of the flour; make them into any shape. When the croquet is well up the white of one egg; roll the croquet in it; throw over all a little bread crumb or cracker dust.

NERVOUSNESS, and all derangements of the nervous system, are usually connected with a diseased condition of the blood. Debility is a frequent accompaniment. The first thing to be done is to improve the condition of the blood. This is accomplished by taking VEGETINE. It is a nerve-medicine, and possesses a controlling power over the nervous system.

GOOD YEAST.—In two quarts water boil three potatoes pared and cut up, and a handful of fresh hops tied in a cloth; boil till the potatoes are done, take out and mash, put back in the water, add one cup salt, one of white sugar; let come to a boil and, when milk-warm, add one cup of less of baker's, or other good yeast. Set in a moderately warm place to rise; when light, put into a jug or jar and set in the cellar.

OLD-FASHIONED TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Two eggs, one quart milk, one cup tapioca; spices of nutmeg and cinnamon to taste; also, sugar and bit of salt and small teaspoonful of butter, melted. Wash and soak the tapioca in very little water till rather tender; then put it in the milk, and place on back of the stove and soak one hour; then melt butter in dish and pour in the beaten eggs, milk well sweetened, and spice; bake one hour quite slowly.

—A COUGH, Cold, Catarrh, or Sore Throat requires immediate attention, as neglect oftentimes results in some incurable Lung Disease. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" will almost invariably give relief. Imitations are offered for sale, many of which are injurious. The genuine "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are sold *only in boxes.*

TILLERING OF WHEAT.—My experience and observation, as well as experiments, all lead to the conclusion that wheat does not tiller; that one grain brings to perfection only one stalk bearing from twelve (the lowest we ever counted) to eighty-six perfect grains found on one stalk last season.

PROFESSOR PROCTOR, the eminent English astronomer, says that he finds the interest in scientific matter much more widely spread in America than in England, more people attending lectures here, and reading and thinking more upon such subjects.

SEVERAL cases are reported in which scarlet fever, measles and other infectious diseases have been spread by cats and dogs.

To clean lantern globes and lamp chimneys; rub briskly with a soft cloth and dry ashes from grit.

Women as Lawyers

Though *Old Mr. Fogy* has long questioned woman's fitness to practice law, and her opinions concerning legal matters, no one has ever questioned her opinion concerning Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a positive cure for those "dragging-down" sensations, and the many diseases and weaknesses peculiar to their sex. The Favorite Prescription is sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee.

PITTSBURGH, *Pa*, *March* 14th, 1879. Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir.—I was treated by four different physicians without avail for disease of the liver and uterus. Some time ago I commenced the use of your Favorite Prescription and Discovery, being at the time, confined part of the time to my bed. At first my improvement was slow, but I now find myself well after the use of four bottles of each of the medicines. With many, many thanks, I am, very respectfully,

MARY E. GRACE.

HUMOROUS.

"AND I can't understand this doctor business at all," one of them was saying as two women passed into the post-office yesterday.

"What's the trouble now?"

"Well, the old man's groaning around again."

"With what?"

"Heaven only knows, but it has cost me fifty cents for the prescription. That's where the mystery comes in. "Every time my old man is a bit ailing the doctor he comes and looks at his tongue, counts his pulse, and orders gin-slings and chicken soup."

"Is it possible!"

"And when I wake up with a chill, a backache, a bad mouth and a dizzy head, and I faint away over the breakfast, the doctor he comes in, tracks up my clean floor, scares my canary into a fit, and goes away saying. "You don't exercise enough; maybe you'd like to wash for our family!" I tell you I believe them doctors is all one-sided, and after this my old man has got to put up with smelling at the camphor bottle, while I drink the slings!"

THEY were playing a game they call euchre. She held both bowers and the king, and two aces of other suit, but she was a novice at the game. A young man who was teaching her looked at her cards and warmly exclaimed, "What a lovely hand!" She looked him straight in the eyes and murmured, "You may have it, if you want it." All the rest of the evening he wondered if he was the victim of a leap year proposal.

THE soft and silky appearance given to the hair by the use of Carboline, the natural hair restorer and dressing, as now improved and perfected, is the subject of general remark by all who have witnessed its effects upon the human head. Sold by all dealers in drugs.

A YANKEE came running down to a pier just as a steamer was starting. The boat moved off some four or five yards, as he took a jump, and coming down on the back of his head on deck, he lay stunned for two or three minutes. When he came to, the boat had gone the best part of a quarter of a mile, and, raising his head and looking to the shore, the Yankee said: "Great Jehosaphat! what a jump."

A TEACHER was endeavoring to ascertain the extent of her children's knowledge of numbers. On the question being asked, "Would you rather have three paper bags with two oranges in each, or two paper bags with three oranges in each?" all but one little fellow expressed themselves without preference. The teacher asked this pupil for his decision, and he was persistant in liking the three bags; his reason for this was, "So I could have more bags to bust!"

Maine News.

Hop Bitters, which are advertised in our columns, are a sure cure for the ague, biliousness and kidney complaints. Those who use them say they cannot be too highly recommended. Those afflicted should give them a fair trial, and will become thereby enthusiastic in the praise of their curative qualities.—*Portland Argus.*

A SOCIETY journal gave a prize the other day for a piece of poetry, to be twenty lines in length, without the letter "s" once occurring in it. The Honorable Billy sat up all night with his head in a linseed-meal poultice, pegging away like anything, and by daylight he actually pulled it off, and took the result round to Popsy for her opinion. "You might improve it still," she said. "How?" "By leaving out all the other letters, too.

JOHNNY wanted to go to the circus, and his father said: "Johnny, I'd rather you'd go to school, and study, and may be you'll be President some day." Said Johnny: "Father, there's about one million boys in the United States, isn't there?" "Yes," "And every one of them stands a chance of being President?" "Yes." "Well, dad, I'll sell out my chance for a circus ticket.

A YOUNG man with an extremely powerful voice was in doubt which branch of the art to adopt. He went to Cherubini for advice. "Suppose you sing me a few bars," said the master. The young fellow sang so lond that the walls fairly shook. "Now," said, he, "what do you think I am best fitted for?" "Auctioneer," dryly replied Cherubini.

"MAMMA," said Henry Thomas, a bright little fellow living over in Algiers—"Mamma, have my toes eyes?" "No, my darling. Why do you ask such a foolish question?" "Because my foot's asleep."

As one pound of Dobins' Electric Soap, (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia,) will do the work of five pounds of any other, it is really the cheapest, though it costs a little more per pound. Try it.

BRIDGET (to caller): "Will ye kape still a minnit while I look at ye? No, missis hain't to home. She told me, if a woman come with a wart on the ind av a red nose to say she wasn't home; an' ther's no mistakin' that wart."

THE way dentists get patients into their offices is to hang out a gigantic imitation tooth with roots six inches long. This settles the business with a timid woman at once.

"WILL you have cream and glucose in your coffee?" is the question now propounded from the maternal end of the breakfast table. "Yes," answers the pater-familias, "and pass the oleomargarine."

A VERY weak tenor in Dublin singing freely caused one of the gods to shout to an acquaintance across the gallery, "Corney, what noise is that?" "Bedad," said Corney, "I believe it's gas whistlin' in the pipe."

A CINNINNATI widow sued a doctor for cutting up the body of her husband and not saving the pieces, damages laid at $5,000; but the jury held that dead husbands had had damages enough.

A BOSTON paper thinks there ought to be a law in this country to compel every girl who is engaged to wear a red bow at her throat. That wouldn't do a bit of good. Every girl would wear one.

"SPEAK to me only with your ice," will be a popular song this summer.

WHEN Mind and Body are out of Sorts, with cold extremities, a yellowness in the skin, costiveness, dull headache, and an indisposition to stir about, be sure you are in for a Bilious attack springing from a more or less Disordered Liver. Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills will bring the Liver to a healthy condition, and speedily remove all biliary distress.

"I WISH I was dead," is an expression not unfrequently used by the Dyspeptic and sufferer from Liver disease; the depressed spirits unfitting the mind for anything and almost driving him to despair. Be of good cheer, there is life and health left for you yet. Take Simmons' Liver Regulator. It regulates the liver, dispels despondency and restores health. Look well that you get the genuine, prepared by J. H. Zeilin & Co., enclosed in a white wrapper, with a red Z on the front.

"I can recommend your medicine. All the health I enjoy, and even my life, I may say, is in consequence of the Simmons' Liver Regulator. I would not take $1,000,000 for my interest in the medicine. "W. H. WILSON, Lecturer State Grange, and President Florida Co-operative Stock Co., P of H., Welborn, Florida."

GREEN BUTTER.—Well mash and pound in a mortar four anchovies; boil some parsley, run it through a seive with two ounces of fresh butter; mix the whole well together, and serve. Anchovy paste will do as well as anchovies. To be eaten with thin crisp toast.

To neutralize the sting of a gnat or mosquito, rub the part affected with a little ceruman—that is, ear-wax.

EVERYTHING conducive to the better condition of the baby is sure to attract attention; and hence it is that Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is becoming more and more appreciated, as its wonderful influence in subduing the diseases of babyhood becomes recognized. Price 25 cents.

THE eye is the index to the soul. When a man asks you to get off the ruins of his new plug hat, you can tell by looking in his eye whether he wants cash down for the damages or will take an indorsed note running six months.

BOSTON has the champion mean man. He was obliged to have a large safe hoisted from the street to a third story window, and caused it to be done at night, when the crowd that always enjoys such a sight couldn't have seen the affair even if they had known about it.

THE time has passed for the 'Elixirs,' 'Cordials' etc. for the Baby, and Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is now the established and reliable remedy. Price 25 cents.

THE rooster crows when the egg is incubated, because he knows the hen likes to have her lay set to music.

"Now this is what I call business," remarked a Brooklyn undertaker, as an unfortunate gentlemen stepped into his store and died.

Some Europ an scientists have discovered that wheat will retain its generating powers even when subjected to a temperature of eighty degrees below zero, centigrade.

Tidal waves are often caused by submarine earthquakes in apparently fine weather, without any relation to hurricanes, although often accompanying them

Guard Against Disease.

If you find yourself getting bilious, head heavy, mouth foul, eyes yellow, Kidneys disordered, symptoms of piles tormenting you, take at once a few doses of Kidney-Wort. Use it as an advance guard—don't wait to get down sick.—LEADER.

A Valuable Gift Free.

A book on the Liver, its diseases and their treatment sent free. Including treatises upon Liver Complaints, Torpid Liver, Jaundice, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Malaria, etc. Address Dr. Sanford, 162 Broadway, New York city, N. Y.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

Will send their celebrated Electro Voltaic Belts to the afflicted upon 30 days's trial. Speedy cures guaranteed. They mean what they say. Write to them without delay.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a Recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH J. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

VEGETINE

Purifies the Blood, Renovates and Invigorates the whole System.

ITS MEDICINAL PROPERTIES ARE

Alterative, Tonic, Solvent and Diuretic.

Vegetine is made exclusively from the juices of carefully-selected barks, roots and herbs, and so strongly concentrated that it will effectually eradicate from the system every taint of **Scrofula, Scrofulous Humor, Tumors, Cancer Cancerous Humor, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum Syphilitic Diseases, Canker, Faintness at the Stomach**, and all diseases that arise from impure blood. **Sciatica, Inflammatory** and **Chronic Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout** and **Spinal Complaints**, can only be effectually cured through the blood.

For **Ulcers** and **Eruptive Diseases** of the **Skin, Pustules, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Tetter, Scaldhead** and **Ringworm**, VEGETINE has never failed to effect a permanent cure.

For Pains in the Back, Kidney Complaints, Dropsy, Female weakness, Leucorrhœa, arising from internal ulceration, and uterine diseases and General Debility, VEGETINE acts directly upon the causes of these complaints. It invigorates and strengthens the whole system, acts upon the secretive organs, allays inflammation cures ulceration and regulates the bowels.

For Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Habitual Costiveness, Palpitation of the Heart, Headache, Piles, Nervousness and General Prostration of the Nervous System, no medicine has ever given such perfect satisfaction as the VEGETINE. It purifies the blood, cleanses all of the organs, and possesses a controlling power over the nervous system.

The remarkable cures effected by Vegetine have induced many physicians and apothecaries whom we know, to prescribe and use it in their own families.

In fact, Vegetine is the best remedy yet discovered for the above diseases, and is the only reliable BLOOD PURIFIER yet placed before the public.

Vegetine

IS THE BEST

SPRING MEDICINE.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

THE FARMERS' FOWL,

PLYMOUTH ROCKS,

High class and pure bred Eggs, $1.25 per 13 or $2.00 per 26. Chicks Sept. 1st. Descriptive Circulars and price free.

N. J. ISRAEL,
Bealsville, Monroe Co., Ohio.

Sturdivant's Great Catarrh Remedy

Is the safest, most agreeable and effectual remedy in the world for the cure of CATARRH. No matter from what cause, or how long standing, by giving

STURDIVANT'S CATARRH REMEDY

a fair and impartial trial, you will be convinced of this fact. This medicine is very pleasant and can be taken by the most delicate stomach. For sale by all Druggists, and by HOLLOWAY & CO., 602 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Those answering an Advertisement will confer a favor upon the Advertiser and the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this journal (naming the paper).

KIDNEY-WORT

PERMANENTLY CURES KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, Constipation and Piles.

Dr. R. H. Clark, South Hero, Vt., says, "In cases of Kidney Troubles it has acted like a charm. It has cured many very bad cases of Piles, and has never failed to act efficiently."

Nelson Fairchild, of St. Albans, Vt., says, "It is of priceless value. After sixteen years of great suffering from Piles and Costiveness it completely cured me."

C. S. Hogabom, of Berkshire, says, "One package has done wonders for me in completely curing a severe Liver and Kidney Complaint."

IT HAS WONDERFUL POWER. WHY?

Because it Acts on the LIVER, the BOWELS and the KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia and nervous disorders.

KIDNEY-WORT is a dry vegetable compound and can be sent by mail prepaid.

One package will make six qts of medicine.

TRY IT NOW!

☞ Buy it at the Druggists. Price, $1.00.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors,

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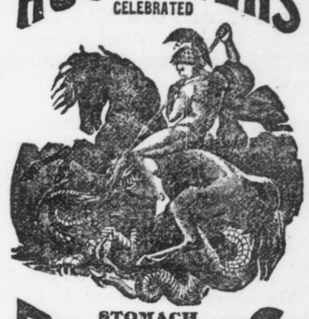

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BITTERS

Fortify the System

And you are armed against disease. The finest tonic for this purpose is Hostetters Stomach Bitters, which renders digestion easy and complete, counteracts biliousness, and keeps the bowels in order, and as genial and beneficent are its effects, that not only is the body invigorated and regulated by its use but despondency banished from the mind.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

MAKE HENS LAY

An English Veternary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, one teaspoon to one pint of feed. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Bangor, Me.

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20 Splendid Chromo Visiting Cards, with name, 10 cts. J. MINKLER & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

GREAT BARGAINS in WATCHES and CLOCKS.

Nickle Case Stem Winding Watch $6 0
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Sent by mail on receipt of price. Send for circular.

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COPY PAD. RECEIPE (with full directions to make one equal to those sold for $2 to $5, for one-third the money), and Receipes for 30 kinds of Ink, *all colors*, 30 cts. by return mail. Address H. BLEDSOE, P. M., Alvarado, Texas.

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$777 A YEAR and expenses to agts Outfit Free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

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THE BEST NEW BOOKS!

Temperance Jewels, by J. H. Tenney and Rev. E. A. Hoffman, has every qualification to be a standard Temperance Song Book. Choice hymns and songs, and music in excellent taste, are found throughout. There are nearly a hundred songs. Specimen copies mailed for 35 cts. $3.60 per dozen.

(The older and larger book, **Hull's Temperance Glee Book.** (40 cts.) retains its great popularity.).

White Robes! The purest, sweetest and best **White Robes!**

White Robes! of Sunday School Song Books. **White Robes!**

White Robes! Mailed for 30 cents. **White Robes!**

White Robes! $3.00 per doz. **White Robes!**

Temperance Light. by G. C. Hugg and M. E. Servoss, is a perfect "electric" light for radiance and beauty. Has 32 of the very best songs by 27 of the very best authors, and sells for $3.0 per hundred. Mailed for 12 cents.

(Now High School Song Book, THE WELCOME CHORUS, is nearly through the press.

Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston,

J. E. DITSON, & CO.,

1228 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

MRS. POTTS' COLD HANDLE SAD IRON

ADVANTAGES.

A COLD DETACHABLE WALNUT HANDLE
ARE LINED WITH NON-CONDUCTING CEMENT.
HEAT QUICKER THAN OTHER IRONS
RETAIN THE HEAT LONGER.
REQUIRE NO HOLDER OR CLOTH
DO NOT BURN THE HAND.
ARE DOUBLE POINTED.
IRON BOTH WAYS.
THE BEST IN USE.
CHEAP.

FOR SALE BY THE HARDWARE TRADE.

SAPONIFIER

Is the Old Reliable Concentrated Lye for FAMILY SOAP MAKING. Directions accompany each can for making **Hard, Soft** and **Toilet Soap** quickly. It is full weight and strength.

ASK FOR SAPONIFIER,
AND TAKE NO OTHER.
PENN'A SALT MANUF'G CO., PHILAD'A

The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made.

A combination of **Hops, Buchu, Mandrake** and **Dandelion,** with all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, makes the greatest **Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator,** and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth.

No disease can possibly long exist where Hop Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm.

To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, **without intoxicating.**

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are what the disease or ailment is use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick, but if you only feel bad or miserable, use them at once. It may save your life. It has **saved hundreds.**

$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use **Hop Bitters.**

Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the **"INVALID'S FRIEND and HOPE"** and no person or family should be without them.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All sold by druggists. Send for Circular. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N.Y. and Toronto, Ont.

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Embracing full and authentic accounts of every nation of ancient and modern times, and including a history of the rise and fall of the Greek and Roman Empires, the middle ages, the crusades, the feudal system, the reformation, the discovery and settlement of the New World, etc., etc.

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Surpasses all others in quantity and quality of butter made. It secures matured and ripened cream, which makes butter of the best texture, flavor, and of unequaled keeping quality. It excludes flies, dust and odors; is constantly at the correct temperature (38° to 40°); has room for the cream and butter, and saves three-fourths the labor. It can be used with either ice or water, and both summer and winter. THE FERGUSON CONCUSSION CHURN is the best. It combines scientific principles with the best labor saving devices. No floats or paddles. Brings the butter in granular form, and secures the largest yield. Before buying any other Churn or Creamery, or any pans, or cans, send for large illustrated circular to THE FERGUSON MF'G CO., Burlington, Vt. Reliable Agents Wanted.

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Our Sales to date have greatly surpassed those of any previous year, as Consumers of

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GILT-EDGE BUTTER MAKER

This powder makes "Gilt-Edge" Butter the year round. Common-sense and the Science of Chemistry applied to Butter-making. July, August and Winter Butter made equal to the best June product. Increases product 6 per cent. Improves quality at least 20 per cent. Reduces labor of churning one-half. Prevents Butter becoming rancid. Improves market value 5 to 6 cents a pound. Guaranteed free from all injurious ingredients. Gives a nice Golden Color the year round. 25 cents' worth will produce $3.00 in increase of product and market value. Can you make a better investment? Beware of imitations. Genuine sold only in boxes with trade-mark of dairymaid, together with words "GILT-EDGE BUTTER MAKER" printed on each package. Powder sold by Grocers and General Store-keepers. Ask your dealer for our book "Hints to Butter-Makers," or send stamp to us for it. Small size, ½ lb., at 25 cents; Large size. 2½ lbs., $1.00. Great saving by buying the larger size

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